

# P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

A N D

TRANSLATIONS.

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D U B L I N:

Printed for JAMES HUNTER, in *Sycamore-alley*,  
ROBERT BELL, in *Stephen-street*, opposite *Aungier-street*,  
JOHN MITCHELL, in *Skipper-row*, opposite the *Theat*,

A N D

JAMES WILLIAMS, in *Skipper-row*, near *Fishamble-street*.

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M,DCC,LXIV.

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Printed by James Hunter, in Queen's-street,  
near the Theatre, opposite the Theatre,  
John Mitchell, and near the Theatre,  
James Whelan, in Queen's-street, near the Theatre.

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# POEMS, &c.

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## *The GOLDEN VERSES of PYTHAGORAS.*

FIRST to the Gods thy humble Homage pay,  
The greatest this, and first of Laws, obey:  
Perform thy Vows, observe thy plighted Troth,  
And let Religion bind thee to thy Oath.  
The Heroes next demand thy just Regard,  
Renown'd on Earth, and to the Stars preferr'd,  
To Light and endless Life, their Virtues sure Reward, }  
Due Rites perform, and Honours to the Dead,  
To ev'ry wise, to ev'ry pious Shade.  
With lowly Duty to thy Parents bow,  
And Grace and Favour to thy Kindred show:  
For what concerns the rest of Human Kind, }  
Choose out the Man to Virtue best inclin'd;  
Him to thy Arms receive, him to thy Bosom bind:  
Possess of such a Friend, preserve him still;  
Nor thwart his Counsels with thy stubborn Will;  
Pliant to all his Admonitions prove,  
And yield to all his Offices of Love:  
Him from thy Heart, so true, so justly dear,  
Let no rash Word nor light Offences tear.  
Bear all thou canst, still with his Failings strive,  
And to the utmost still, and still forgive;  
For strong Necessity alone explores  
The secret Vigour of our latent Pow'rs,  
Rouses and urges on the lazy Heart,  
Force, to itself unknown before, t'exert.  
By Use thy stronger Appetites assuage,  
Thy Gluttony, thy Sloth, thy Lust, thy Rage:  
From each dishonest Act of Shame forbear;  
Of others, and thyself, alike beware.  
Let Rev'rence of thyself thy Thoughts controul,  
And guard the sacred Temple of thy Soul:  
Let Justice o'er thy Word and Deed preside,  
And Reason ev'n thy meanest Actions guide;

For know that Death is Man's appointed Doom,  
 Know, that the Day of great Account will come,  
 When thy past Life shall strictly be survey'd,  
 Each Word, each Deed, be in the Balance laid,  
 And all the Good, and all the Ill most justly be repaid. }  
 For Wealth, the perishing, uncertain Good,  
 Ebbing and flowing like the fickle Flood,  
 That know no sure, no fix'd abiding Place,  
 But wandering, loves from Hand to Hand to pass;  
 Revolve the Getter's Joy, and Loser's Pain,  
 And think if it be worth thy while to gain.  
 Of all those Sorrows that attend Mankind,  
 With Patience bear the Lot to thee assign'd;  
 Nor think it Chance, nor murmur at the Load;  
 For know what Man calls Fortune is from God.  
 In what thou may'st from Wisdom seek Relief,  
 And let her healing Hand assuage thy Grief;  
 Yet still whate'er the righteous Doom ordains,  
 What Cause soever multiplies thy Pains,  
 Let not those Pains as Ills be understood,  
 For God delights not to afflict the Good.

The reas'ning Art, to various Ends apply'd,  
 Is oft a sure, but oft an erring Guide.  
 Thy Judgment therefore sound and cool preserve,  
 Nor lightly from thy Resolution swerve;  
 The dazzling Pomp of Words does oft deceive,  
 And sweet Persuasion wins the easy to believe.  
 When Fools and Liars, labour to persuade,  
 Be dumb, and let the Bablers vainly plead.

This, above all, this Precept chiefly learn,  
 This nearly does, and first, thyself concern;  
 Let not Example, let no soothing Tongue,  
 Prevail upon thee with a Siren's Song, }  
 To do thy Soul's immortal Essence wrong.  
 Of Good and Ill by Words or Deeds express,  
 Choose for thyself, and always choose the best.

Let wary Thought each Enterprize forerun,  
 And ponder on thy Task before begun,  
 Lest Folly shou'd the wretched Work deface,  
 And mock thy fruitless Labours with Disgrace.  
 Fools huddle on, and always are in Haste,  
 Act without Thought, and thoughtless Words they  
 waste. But

But thou, in all thou dost, with early Cares,  
Strive to prevent, at first, a Fate like theirs ;  
That Sorrow on the End may never wait,  
Nor sharp Repentance make thee wise too late.

Beware thy meddling Hand in aught to try,  
That does beyond thy Reach of Knowledge lie ;  
But seek to know, and bend thy serious Thought  
To search the profitable Knowledge out.

So Joys on Joys for ever shall increase,  
Wisdom shall crown thy Labours, and shall bless  
Thy Life with Pleasure, and thy End with Peace.

Nor let the Body want its Part, but share  
A just Proportion of thy tender Care :  
For Health and Welfare prudently provide,  
And let its lawful Wants be all supply'd.  
Let sober Draughts refresh, and wholesome Fare  
Decaying Nature's wasted Force repair ;  
And sprightly Exercise the duller Spirits chear.  
In all Things still which to this Care belong,  
Observe this Rule, to guard thy Soul from Wrong.  
By virtuous Use thy Life and Manners frame,  
Manly and simply pure, and free from Blame.

Provoke not Envy's deadly Rage, but fly  
The glancing Curse of her malicious Eye.

Seek not in needless Luxury to waste  
Thy Wealth and Substance with a Spendthrift's Haste.  
Yet flying these, be watchful, lest thy Mind,  
Prone to Extremes, an equal Danger find,  
And be to sordid Avarice inclin'd.

Distant alike from each, to neither lean,  
But ever keep the happy GOLDEN MEAN.

Be careful still to guard thy Soul from Wrong,  
And let thy Thought prevent thy Hand and Tongue.

Let not the stealing God of Sleep surprise,  
Nor creep in Slumbers on thy weary Eyes,  
Ere ev'ry Action of the former Day,  
Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.  
With Rev'rence at thy own Tribunal stand,  
And answer justly to thy own Demand.  
Where have I been ? In what have I transgress'd ?  
What Good or Ill has this Day's Life express'd ?

Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?  
 In what to God, to Man, or to myself I owe?  
 Inquire severe whate'er from first to last,  
 From Morning's Dawn, 'till Ev'ning's Gloom has past.  
 If Evil were thy Deeds, repenting mourn,  
 And let thy Soul with strong Remorse be torn.  
 If Good, the Good with Peace of Mind repay,  
 And to thy secret Self with Pleasure say,  
 Rejoice, my Heart, for all went well To-day.

These Thoughts, and chiefly these, thy Mind should  
 Employ thy Study and engage thy Love: [move,  
 These are the Rules which will to Virtue lead,  
 And teach thy Feet her heav'nly Paths to tread.  
 This by his Name I swear, whose sacred Lore  
 First to Mankind explain'd the Mystic FOUR,  
 Source of Eternal Nature and Almighty Pow'r.

In all thou dost, first let thy Prayers ascend,  
 And to the Gods thy Labours first commend: [End.  
 From them implore Success, and hope a prosp'rous  
 So shall thy abler Mind be taught to soar,  
 And Wisdom in her secret Ways explore;  
 To range through Heav'n above and Earth below,  
 Immortal Gods, and mortal Men to know.  
 So shalt thou learn what Pow'r does all controul,  
 What bounds the Parts, and what unites the whole:  
 And rightly judge, in all this wond'rous Frame,  
 How universal Nature is the same;  
 So shalt thou ne'er thy vain Affections place,  
 On Hopes of what shall never come to pass.

Man, wretched Man, thou shalt be taught to know,  
 Who bears within himself the inborn Cause of Woe.  
 Unhappy Race! that never yet could tell,  
 How near their Good and Happiness they dwell.  
 Depriv'd of Sense, they neither hear nor see;  
 Fetter'd in Vice, they seek not to be free,  
 But stupid, to their own sad Fate agree:  
 Like pond'rous Rolling-stones, oppress'd with Ill,  
 The Weight that loads 'em makes 'em roll on still,  
 Bereft of Choice, and Freedom of the Will.  
 For native Strife in ev'ry Bosom reigns,  
 And secretly an impious War maintains:  
 Provoke not THIS, but let the Combat cease,  
 And ev'ry yielding Passion sue for Peace. Wouldst



Wouldst thou, great *Jove*, thou Father of Man-  
 Reveal the *Demon*, for that Task assign'd, [kind,  
 The wretched Race an End of Woes would find. }  
 And yet be bold, O Man, divine thou art,  
 And of the Gods celestial Essence Part.  
 Nor sacred Nature is from thee conceal'd,  
 But to thy Race her mystic Rules reveal'd.  
 These, if to know, thou happily attain,  
 Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.  
 Thy wounded Soul to Health thou shalt restore,  
 And free from ev'ry Pain she felt before.

Abstain, I warn, from Meats unclean and foul,  
 So keep thy Body pure, so free thy Soul;  
 So rightly judge; thy Reason, so maintain;  
 Reason, which Heaven did for thy Guide ordain,  
 Let that best Reason ever hold the Rein. }

Then if this mortal Body thou forsake,  
 And thy glad Flight to the pure *Æther* take,  
 Among the Gods, exalted, shalt thou shine,  
 Immortal, Incorruptible, Divine:  
 The Tyrant Death securely shalt thou brave,  
 And scorn the dark Dominion of the Grave.

On the Late GLORIOUS SUCCESSES of Her  
 MAJESTY's Arms.

Humbly Inscrib'd to the Rt. Hon. the LORD TREASURER.

WHILE Kings and Nations on thy Counsels wait,  
 And *ANNA* trusts to thee the *British* State;  
 While Fame, to thee, from every foreign Coast,  
 Flies with the News of Empires won and lost;  
 Relates whate'er her busy Eyes beheld,  
 And tells the Fortune of each bloody Field;  
 While with officious Duty, Crowds attend,  
 To hail the Labours of thy God-like Friend;  
 Vouchsafe the Muse's humbler Joy to hear;  
 For sacred Numbers shall be still thy Care;  
 Tho' mean the Verse, tho' lowly be the Strain,  
 Tho' least regarded be the Muse, of all the tuneful Train.

Yet rise, neglected Nymph, avow thy Flame,  
 Assert th' inspiring God, and greatly aim  
 To make thy numbers equal to thy Theme.  
 From Heav'n derive thy Verse; to Heav'n belong  
 The Counsels of the Wise, and Battles of the Strong;  
 To Heav'n, the royal *ANNA* owes, alone,  
 The Virtues which adorn and guard her Throne;  
 Thence is her Justice, Wretches to redress,  
 Thence is her Mercy and her Love of Peace;  
 Thence is her Pow'r, her Scepter uncontrol'd,  
 To bend the Stubborn, and repress the Bold;  
 Her peaceful Arts, fierce Factions to assuage,  
 To heal their Breaches, and to sooth their Rage;  
 Thence is that happy Prudence, which presides  
 In each Design, and ev'ry Action guides;  
 Thence is she taught her shining Court to grace,  
 And fix the Worthiest in the worthiest Place,  
 To trust at home *GODOLPHIN*'s watchful Care,  
 And send victorious *CHURCHILL* forth to War.

Arise, ye Nations, rescu'd by her Sword,  
 Freed from the Bondage of a foreign Lord;  
 Arise, and join the Heroine to bless,  
 Behold she sends to save you from Distress;  
 Rich is the royal Bounty she bestows,  
 'Tis Plenty, Peace, and Safety from your Foes.  
 And thou, *Iberia*! rous'd at length, disdain  
 To wear enslav'd the *Gallic* Tyrant's Chain.  
 For see! the *British* Genius comes, to cheer  
 Thy fainting Sons, and kindle 'em to War.  
 With her own glorious Fires their Souls she warms,  
 And bids 'em burn for Liberty and Arms.  
 Unhappy Land! the Foremost once in Fame,  
 Once lifting to the Stars thy noble Name,  
 In Arts excelling, and in Arms severe,  
 The western Kingdoms Envy and their Fear.  
 Where is thy Pride, thy conscious Honour, flown,  
 Thy ancient Valour, and thy first Renown?  
 How art thou sunk among the Nations now!  
 How hast thou taught thy haughty Neck to bow,  
 And drop the Warrior's Wreath inglorious from thy  
 Brow!

Not thus of old her valiant Fathers bore  
 The Bondage of the unbelieving *Moor*,

But

But oft, alternate, made the Victors yield,  
 And prov'd their Might in many a well-fought Field;  
 Bold in Defence of Liberty they stood,  
 And doubly dy'd their Cross in *Moorish* Blood:  
 Then in heroic Arms their Knights excell'd,  
 The Tyrant then and Giant then they quell'd.  
 Then ev'ry nobler Thought their Minds did move,  
 And those who fought for Freedom sigh'd for Love.  
 Like one, those sacred Flames united live,  
 At once they languish, and at once revive;  
 Alike they shun the Coward and the Slave,  
 But Bless the Free, the Virtuous, and the Brave.  
 Nor frown, ye Fair, nor think my Verse untrue;  
 Tho' we disdain that Man should Man subdue,  
 Yet all the free-born Race are Slaves alike to you. }

Yet once, again that Glory to restore,  
 The *Britons* seek the *Celtiberian* Shore.

With echoing Peals, at *ANNA's* high Command,  
 Their Naval Thunder wakes the drowsy Land;  
 High at their Head, *Iberia's* promis'd Lord,  
 Young *Charles* of *Austria*, waves his shining Sword;  
 His youthful Veins, with Hopes of Empire glow,  
 Swell his bold Heart, and urge him on the Foe:  
 With Joy he reads, in ev'ry Warrior's Face,  
 Some happy Omen of a sure Success;  
 Then leaps, exulting, on the hostile Strand,  
 And thinks the destin'd Scepter in his Hand.

Nor Fate denies, what first his Wishes name,  
 Proud *Barcelona* owns his Juster Claim,  
 With the first Laurel binds his youthful Brows,  
 And, Pledge of future Crowns, the mural Wreath be-  
 But soon, the Equal of his youthful Years; [stows,  
*Philip* of *Bourbon's* haughty Line, appears;  
 Like Hopes attend his Birth, like Glories grace,  
 (If Glory can be in a Tyrant's Race)  
 In Numbers proud, he threats no more from far,  
 But nearer draws the black impending War;  
 He views his Host, then scorns the Rebel Town,  
 And dooms to certain Death, the Rival of his Crown.

Now Fame and Empire, all the nobler Spoils  
 That urge the Hero, and reward his Toils,



Plac'd in their View, alike their Hopes engage,  
 And fire their Breasts with more than mortal Rage:  
 Not lawless Love, not Vengeance, nor Despair,  
 So daring, fierce, untam'd, and furious are,  
 As when Ambition prompts the Great to War;  
 As youthful Kings, when striving for Renown, [Crown.  
 They prove their Might in Arms, and combat for a

Hard was the cruel Strife, and doubtful long,  
 Betwixt the Chiefs suspended Conquest hung;  
 Till forc'd at length, disdaining much, to yield,  
*Charles* to his Rival quits the fatal Field.

Numbers and Fortune o'er his Right prevail,  
 And ev'n the *British* Valour seems to fail;  
 And yet they fail'd not all. In that Extreme,  
 Conscious of Virtue, Liberty, and Fame,  
 They vow the youthful Monarch's Fate to share,  
 Above Distress, unconquer'd by Despair,  
 Still to defend the Town, and animate the War.

But lo! When ev'ry better Hope was past,  
 When ev'ry Day of Danger seem'd their last,  
 Far on the distant Ocean, they survey,  
 Where a proud Navy plows its war'ry Way.  
 Nor long they doubted, but with Joy descry,  
 Upon the Chief's tall Top-masts waving high,  
 The *British* Cross and *Belgic* Lion fly.  
 Loud with tumultuous Clamour, loud they rear  
 Their Cries of Ecstasy, and rend the Air,  
 In Peals on Peals, the Shouts triumphal rise,  
 Spread swift, and rattle thro' the spacious Skies;  
 While from below, old Ocean groans profound,  
 The Walls, the Rocks, the Shores repel the Sound,  
 Ring with the deaf'ning Shock, and thunder all around.  
 Such was the Joy the *Trojan* Youth express'd,  
 Who by the fierce *Rutilian's* Siege distress'd,  
 Were by the *Tyrrhene* Aid at length releas'd;  
 When young *Ascanius*, then in Arms first try'd,  
 Numbers and ev'ry other Want supply'd,  
 And haughty *Turnus* from his Walls defy'd;  
 Sav'd in the Town an Empire yet to come,  
 And fix'd the Fate of his imperial *Rome*.

But Oh! what Verse, what Numbers shall reveal  
 Those Pangs of Rage and Grief the Vanquish'd feel!

Who

Who shall retreating *Philip's* Shame impart,  
And tell the Anguish of his lab'ring Heart!  
What Paint, what speaking Pencil shall express,  
The blended Passions striving in his Face!  
Hate, Indignation, Courage, Pride, Remorse, [Curse:  
With Thoughts of Glory past, the Loser's greatest

Fatal Ambition! say what wondrous Charms  
Delude Mankind to toil for thee in Arms:  
When all thy Spoils, thy Wreaths in Battle won,  
The Pride of Pow'r, and Glory of a Crown,  
When all War gives, when all the great can gain,  
Ev'n thy whole Pleasure, pays not half thy Pain.

All hail! ye softer, happier Arts of Peace,  
Secur'd from Harms, and blest with learned Ease;  
In Battles, Blood, and Perils hard, unskill'd,  
Which haunt the Warrior, in the fatal Field;  
But chief, thee Goddess Muse! my Verse wou'd raise,  
And to thy own soft Numbers tune thy Praise;  
Happy the Youth inspir'd, beneath thy Shade,  
Thy verdant, ever-living Laurels laid!

There safe, no Pleasures, there no Pains they know,  
But those which from thy sacred Raptures flow,  
Nor wish for Crowns, but what thy Groves bestow.  
Me, Nymph Divine! nor scorn my humble Pray'r,  
Receive unworthy, to thy kinder Care,  
Doom'd to a gentler, tho' more lowly, Fate.  
Nor wishing once, nor knowing to be great;  
Me, to thy peaceful Haunts, inglorious bring,  
Where secret thy celestial Sisters sing.

Past by their sacred Hill, and sweet *Castalian* Spring.

But nobler Thoughts the Victor Prince employ,  
And raise his Heart with high triumphant Joy;  
From hence a better Course of Time rolls on,  
And whiter Days successive seem to run.  
From hence his kinder Fortune seems to date  
The rising Glories of his future State:  
From hence! — But Oh! too soon the Hero mourns  
His Hopes deceiv'd, and War's inconstant Turns.  
In vain, his echoing Trumpets loud Alarms  
Provoke the cold *Iberian* Lords to Arms;  
Careless of Fame, as of their Monarch's Fate,  
In sullen Sloth supinely proud they fate;

Or to be Slaves, or Free, alike prepar'd,  
 And trusting Heav'n was bound to be their Guard;  
 Untouch'd with Shame, the noble Strife beheld,  
 Nor once essay'd to struggle to the Field;  
 But fought, in the cold Shade and rural Seat,  
 An unmolested Ease and calm Retreat:  
 Saw each contending Prince's Arms advance,  
 Then with a lazy dull Indifference,  
 Turn'd to their Rest and left the World to Chance.

So when commanded by the Wife of *Jove*,  
*Thaumantian Iris* left the Realms above,  
 And swift descending on her painted Bow,  
 Sought the dull God of Sleep in Shades below;  
 Nodding and slow, his drowsy Head he rear'd,  
 And heavily the sacred Message heard;  
 Then with a yawn at once forgot the pain,  
 And sunk to his first Sloth and Indolence again.

But oh, my Muse! th' ungrateful Toil forsake,  
 Some Task more pleasing to thy Numbers take,  
 Nor choose, in melancholy Strains, to tell  
 Each harder Chance the juster Cause beset.  
 Oh rather turn, auspicious turn thy Flight,  
 Where *MARLBOROUGH*'s heroic Arms invite,  
 Where highest Deeds the Poet's Breast inspire  
 With Rage divine, and Fan the sacred Fire.  
 See! where at once, *Ramillia*'s noble Field  
 Ten thousand Themes for living Verse shall yield.

See! where at once, the dreadful Objects rise,  
 At once they spread before my wond'ring Eyes,  
 And shock my lab'ring Soul with vast Surprise;  
 At once the wide-extended Battles move,  
 At once they join, at once their Fate they prove.  
 The Roar ascends promiscuous; Groans and Cries,  
 The Drums, the Cannons' Burst, the Shout, supplies,  
 One universal Anarchy of Noise.

One Din confus'd, Sound mixt and lost in Sound,  
 Echoes to all the frighted Cities round.  
 Thick Dust and Smoke in wavy Clouds arise,  
 Stain the bright Day and taint the purer Skies;  
 While flashing Flames like Light'ning dart between,  
 And fill the Horror of the fatal Scene.

Around the Field, all dy'd in purple Foam,  
 Hate, Fury, and insatiate Slaughter roam;

Dis-

Discord with pleasure o'er the Ruin treads,  
 And laughing, wraps her in her tatter'd Weeds;  
 While fierce *Bellona* thunders in her Car,  
 Shakes terrible her steely Whip from far,  
 And with new Rage revives the fainting War.  
 So when to Currents rapid in their Course,  
 Rush to a point and meet with equal Force,  
 The angry Billows rear their Heads on high,  
 Dashing aloft, the foaming Surges fly,  
 And rising cloud the Air with misty Spry;  
 The raging Flood is heard from far to roar,  
 By listning Shepherds on the distant Shore,  
 While much they fear, what Ills it should portend,  
 And wonder why the watry Gods contend.

High in the midst, *Britannia's* warlike Chief,  
 Too greatly bold, and prodigal of Life,  
 Is seen to press where Death and Dangers call,  
 Where the War bleeds, and where the thickest fall,  
 He flies, and drives, confus'd, the fainting *Gaul*.  
 Like Heat diffus'd his great Example warms,  
 And animates the Social Warrior's Arms,  
 Inflames each colder Heart, confirms the Bold,  
 Makes the Young Heroes, and renews the Old.  
 In Forms divine, around him watchful wait,  
 The Guardian Genii of the *British* State;  
 Justice and Truth his Steps unerring guide,  
 And faithful Loyalty defends his Side;  
 Prudence and Fortitude their *MARLBRO'* guard,  
 And pleasing Liberty his Labours chear'd;  
 But chief, the Angel of his Queen was there,  
 The Union Cross his Silver Shield did bear,  
 And in his decent Hand he shook a warlike Spear.  
 While Victory celestial, soars above,  
 Plum'd like the Eagle of imperial *Jove*,  
 Hangs o'er the Chief, whom she delights to bless,  
 And ever arms his Sword with sure Success,  
 Dooms him the proud Oppressor to destroy,  
 Then waves her Palm, and claps her Wings for Joy,  
 Such was young *Ammon* on *Arbela's* Plain,  
 Or such the \* Painter did the Hero feign,

Where

\* *Le Brun*.



Where rushing on, and fierce, he seems to ride,  
 With graceful Ardor, and majestic Pride, [Side. }  
 With all the Gods of Greece, and Fortune on his

Nor long, *Bavaria's* haughty Prince, in vain,  
 Labours the Fight, unequal, to maintain:  
 He sees 'tis doom'd his fatal Friend the *Gaul*  
 Shall share the Shame, and in one Ruin fall;  
 Flies from the Foe too oft in Battle try'd,  
 And Heav'n contending on the Victor's Side;  
 Then mourns his rash Ambition's Crime too late,  
 And yields reluctant to the Force of Fate.

So when *Aeneas*, thro' Night's gloomy Shade,  
 The dreadful Forms of hostile Gods survey'd,  
 Hopeless he left the burning Town and fled:  
 Saw 'twas in vain to prop declining *Troy*,  
 Or save what Heav'n had destin'd to destroy.

What vast Reward, O *Europe*, shalt thou pay,  
 To him who sav'd thee on this glorious Day!  
 Bless him, ye grateful Nations, where he goes,  
 And heap the Victor's Laurel on his Brows.

In ev'ry Land, in ev'ry City freed,  
 Let the proud Column rear its Marble Head,  
 To *MARLBOROUGH* and Liberty decreed!  
 Rich with his Wars triumphal Arches raise,  
 To teach your wond'ring Sons the Hero's Praise;  
 To him your skilful Bards their Verse shall bring,  
 For him the tuneful Voice be taught to sing,  
 The breathing Pipe shall swell, shall sound the trem-  
 bling String.

Oh happy thou! where Peace for ever smiles,  
*Britannia!* noblest of the Ocean's Isles,  
 Fair Queen! who dost amidst thy Waters reign,  
 And stretch thy Empire o'er the farthest Main:  
 What Transports in thy Parent Bosom roll'd,  
 When Fame at first the pleasing Story told!  
 How didst thou lift thy tow'ry Front on high!  
 Not meanly conscious of a Mother's Joy,  
 Proud of thy Son as *Crete* was of her *Jove*, [prove, }  
 How wert thou pleas'd, Heav'n did thy Choice ap- }  
 And fixt Success where thou hadst fixt thy Love!  
 How with Regret his Absence didst thou mourn!  
 How with Impatience wait his wish'd Return!

How

How were the Winds accus'd for his Delay!  
 How didst thou chide the Gods who rule the Sea,  
 And charge the *Nereid* Nymphs to waft him on his  
 Way!

At length he comes, he ceases from his Toil,  
 Like Kings of Old returning from the Spoil;  
 To *Britain* and his Queen for ever dear,  
 He comes, their Joy and grateful Thanks to share;  
 Lowly he kneels Before the Royal Seat,  
 And lays his proudest Wreaths at *ANNA's* Feet.  
 While form'd alike for Labours or for Ease,  
 In Camps to thunder, or in Courts to please,  
*Britain's* bright Nymphs make *MARLBOROUGH* their  
 In all his Dangers all his Triumphs share. [Care,  
 Conqu'ring he lends the well-pleas'd Fair new Grace,  
 And adds fresh Lustre to each beauteous Face;  
*Britain* preserv'd by his victorious Arms,  
 With wond'rous Pleasure each fair Bosom warms,  
 Lightens in all their Eyes, and doubles all their  
 Charms.

Ev'n his own *Sunderland*, in Beauty's Store  
 So rich, she seem'd incapable of more,  
 Now shines with Graces never known before;  
 Fierce with transporting Joy she seems to burn,  
 And each soft Feature takes a sprightly Turn;  
 New Flames are seen to sparkle in her Eyes,  
 And on her blooming Cheeks fresh Roses rise;  
 The pleasing Passion heightens each bright Hue,  
 And seems to touch the finish'd Piece anew,  
 Improves what Nature's bounteous Hand had giv'n,  
 And mends the fairest Workmanship of Heav'n.

Nor Joy like this in Courts is only found,  
 But spreads to all the grateful People round;  
 Laborious Hinds inur'd to rural Toil,  
 To tend the Flocks and turn the mellow Soil,  
 In homely Guise their honest Hearts express,  
 And bless the Warrior who protects the Peace,  
 Who keeps the Foe aloof, and drives afar  
 The dreadful Ravage of the wasting War.  
 No rude Destroyer cuts the rip'ning Crop,  
 Prevents the Harvest and deludes their Hope;

No

No helpless Wretches fly with wild Amaze,  
 Look weeping back and see their Dwellings blaze;  
 The Victor's Chain no mournful Captives know,  
 Nor hear the Threats of the insulting Foe,  
 But Freedom laughs, the fruitful Fields abound,  
 The chearful Voice of Mirth is heard to sound,  
 And Plenty doles her various Bounties round,  
 The humble Village, and the wealthy Town,  
 Consenting join their Happiness to own,  
 What Heav'n and *ANNA*'s gentlest Reign afford,  
 All is secur'd by *MARLBRO*'s conqu'ring Sword.

O sacred, ever honour'd Name! O thou!  
 That wert our Greatest *William* once below!  
 What Place soe'er thy Virtues now possess  
 Near the bright Source of everlasting Bliss,  
 Where-e'er exalted to ethereal Height,  
 Radiant with Stars, thou tread'st the Fields of Light,  
 Thy Seats Divine, thy Heav'n a-while forsake,  
 And deign the *Britons*' Triumph to partake.  
 Nor art thou chang'd, but still thou shalt delight  
 To hear the Fortune of the glorious Fight,  
 How fail'd Oppression, and prevail'd the Right.  
 What once below, such still thy Pleasures are,  
*Europe* and Liberty are still thy Care,  
 Thy great, thy gen'rous, pure, immortal Mind  
 Is ever to the public Good inclin'd,  
 Is still the Tyrant's Foe, and Patron of Mankind.  
 Behold where *MARLBOROUGH*, thy last, best Gift,  
 At Parting, to thy native *Belgia* left,  
 Succeeds to all thy kind paternal Cares,  
 Thy watchful Counsels, and laborious Wars;  
 Like thee, extends his great assisting Hand,  
 And in thy Stead protects the Orphan Land;  
 Like thee, aspires by Virtue to Renown,  
 Fights to secure an Empire not his own,  
 Reaps only Toil himself, and gives away a Crown.  
 At length thy Pray'r, O pious Prince! is heard,  
 Heav'n has at length, in its own Cause appear'd,  
 At length *Ramillia*'s Field atones for all  
 The faithless Breaches of the perjur'd *Gaul*;  
 At length a better Age to Man decreed,  
 With Truth, with Peace, and Justice shall succeed;  
 Fall'n are the Proud, and the griev'd World is freed.



One Triumph yet, my Muse, remains behind,  
 Another Vengeance yet the *Gaul* shall find ;  
 On *Lombard* Plains, beyond his *Alpine* Hills,  
*Louis* the Force of hostile *Britain* feels:  
 Swift to her Friends distress'd her Succours fly,  
 And distant Wars her wealthy Sons supply :  
 From slow unactive Courts, they grieve to hear  
*Eugene*, a Name to ev'ry *Briton* dear,  
 By tedious languishing Delays is held  
 Repining, and impatient, from the Field :  
 While factious Statesmen riot in Excess,  
 And lazy Priests whole Provinces possess,  
 Of unregarded Wants the Brave complain,  
 And the starv'd Soldier sues for Bread in vain ;  
 At once with generous Indignation warm,  
*Britain* the Treasure sends, and bids the Hero arm,  
 Straight eager to the Field, he speeds away,  
 There vows the Victor *Gaul* shall dear repay  
 The Spoils of *Calcinato's* fatal Day :  
 Chear'd by the Presence of the Chief they love,  
 Once more their Fate the Warriors long to prove ;  
 Reviv'd, each Soldier lifts his drooping Head,  
 Forgets his Wounds, and calls him on to lead ;  
 Again their Crests the *German* Eagles rear,  
 Stretch their broad Wings, and fan the *Latian* Air ;  
 Greedy for Battle and the Prey they call,  
 And point great *Eugene's* Thunder on the *Gaul*.  
 The Chief commands, and soon in dread Array  
 Onwards the moving Legions urge their Way ;  
 With hardy Marches and successful Haste,  
 O'er ev'ry Barrier fortunate they pass'd,  
 Which Nature or the skilful Foe had plac'd. }  
 The Foe in vain with *Gallic* Arts attends,  
 To mark which Way the wary Leader bends.  
 Vainly in War's mysterious Rules is wise, }  
 Lurks where tall Woods and thickest Coverts rise,  
 And meanly hopes a Conquest from Surprise.  
 Now with swift Horse the Plain around 'em beats,  
 And oft advances, and as oft retreats ;  
 Now fix'd to wait the coming Force, he seems,  
 Secur'd by steepy Banks and rapid Streams ;

While

While River-Gods in vain exhaust their Store,  
 From plenteous Urns the gushing Torrents pour,  
 Rise o'er their utmost Margins to the Plain,  
 And strive to stay the Warrior's Haste in vain;  
 Alike they pass the Plain and closer Wood,  
 Explore the Ford and tempt the swelling Flood;  
 Unshaken still pursue their steadfast Course, [force.  
 And where they want their Way, they find it or they

But anxious Thoughts *Savoy's* Great Prince infest,  
 And roll ill-boding in his careful Breast;  
 Oft he revolves the Ruins of the Great,  
 And sadly thinks on lost *Bavaria's* Fate,  
 The hapless Mark of Fortune's cruel Sport,  
 An Exile, meanly forc'd to beg Support  
 From the slow Bounties of a Foreign Court.  
 Forc'd from his lov'd *Turin*, his last Retreat,  
 His Glory once, and Empire's ancient Seat;  
 He sees from far where wide Destructions spread,  
 And fiery Show'rs the goodly Town invade,  
 Then turns to mourn in vain his ruin'd State,  
 And curse the unrelenting Tyrant's Hate.

But great *Eugene* prevents his ev'ry Fear,  
 He had resolv'd it, and he would be there;  
 Not Danger, Toil, the tedious weary Way,  
 Nor all the *Gallic* Pow'rs his promis'd Aid delay.  
 Like Truth itself, unknowing how to fail,  
 He scorn'd to doubt, and knew he must prevail.

Thus ever certain does the Sun appear,  
 Bound by the Law of *Jove's* eternal Year;  
 Thus constant to his Course sets out at Morn,  
 Round the wide World in twicet twelve Hours is born,  
 And to a Moment keeps his fix'd Return.

Straight to the Town the Heroes turn their Care,  
 Their friendly Succour for the Brave prepare,  
 And on the Foe united bend the War.

O'er the steep Trench and Ramparts guarded Height,  
 At once they rush and drive the rapid Fight;  
 With idle Arms the *Gallic* Legions seem  
 To stem the Rage of the resistless Stream;  
 At once it bears 'em down, at once they yield,  
 Headlong are push'd and swept along the Field;

Resistance.

Resistance ceases, and 'tis War no more,  
At once the Vanquish'd own the Victor's Pow'r;  
Throughout the Field, where-e'er they turn their Sight;  
'Tis all, or Conquest, or inglorious Flight;  
Swift to their rescu'd Friends their Joys they bear,  
With Life and Liberty at once they cheer,  
And save 'em in the Moment of Despair.

So timely to the Aid of sinking Rome,  
With active Haste did great Camillus come:  
So to the Capitol he forc'd his Way,  
So from the proud Barbarians snatch'd the Prey,  
And sav'd his Country in one signal Day.

From impious Arms, at length, O Louis cease!  
And leave, at length, the lab'ring World in Peace,  
Lest Heav'n disclose some yet more fatal Scene,  
Fatal beyond Ramillia or Turin;  
Lest from thy Hand thou see thy Scepter torn,  
And humbled in the Dust thy Losses mourn:  
Lest urg'd, at length, thy own repining Slave,  
Tho' fond of Burdens, and in Bondage brave,  
Pursue thy hoary Head with Curses to the Grave.

---

EPILOGUE to the Inconstant: Or, The Way to win him, A Comedy. By Mr. Farquhar. As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1703.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

FROM FLETCHER's great Original\*, To-day  
We took the Hint of this our modern Play:  
Our Author, from his Lines, has strove to paint,  
A witty, wild, inconstant, free Gallant:  
With a gay Soul, with Sense, and Will to rove,  
With Language, and with Softness fram'd to move,  
With little Truth, but with a world of Love.  
Such Forms on Maids in Morning Slumbers wait,  
When Fancy first instructs their Hearts to beat,  
When first they wish, and sigh for what they know  
not yet.

Frown not, ye Fair, to think your Lovers may  
Reach your cold Hearts by some unguarded Way;

\* See The Wild-Goose Chase.

Let

Let VILLEROY's Misfortune make you wise,  
 There's Danger still in Darkness and Surprise;  
 Tho' from his Rampart he defy'd the Foe,  
 Prince EUGENE found an *Aqueduct* below.  
 With easy Freedom, and a gay Address,  
 A pressing Lover seldom wants Success:  
 Whilst the Respectful, like the *Greek*, sits down,  
 And wastes a *Ten Year's* Siege before *One Town*.  
 For her own sake, let no forsaken Maid,  
 Our Wanderer, for want of Love, upbraid;  
 Since 'tis a Secret, none shou'd e'er confess,  
 That they have lost the happy Power to please.  
 If you suspect the Rogue inclin'd to break,  
 Break first, and swear you've turn'd him off a Week;  
 As Princes, when the resty Statesmen doubt,  
 Before they can surrender, turn 'em out.  
 Whate'er you think, grave Uses may be made,  
 As much, ev'n for *Inconstancy* be said.  
 Let the good Man, for *Marriage Rites* design'd,  
 With studious Care, and Diligence of Mind,  
 Turn over ev'ry *Page of Womankind*;  
 Mark ev'ry *Sense*, and how the *Readings* vary,  
 And when he knows the worst on't, — let him *marry*.

---

PROLOGUE to the *Gamester: A Comedy*. By Mrs.  
 Centlivre. As it was acted at the new Theatre in  
 Lincoln's-Inn Fields, 1704.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

IF humble Wives, that drag the Marriage-Chain,  
 With cursed, dogged Husbands, may complain;  
 If turn'd at large to starve, as we by you,  
 They may, at least, for Alimony sue.  
 Know, we resolve to make the Case our own,  
 Between the Plaintiff Stage, and the Defendant Town.  
 When first you took us from our Father's House,  
 And lovingly our Interest did espouse,  
 You kept us fine, caress'd, and lodg'd us here,  
 And Honey-Moon held out above three Year;  
 At length, for Pleasures known do seldom last,  
 Frequent Enjoyment pall'd your sprightly Taste;  
 And



And tho', at first, you did not quite neglect,  
 We found your Love was dwindled to Respect.  
 Sometimes, indeed, as in your Way it fell,  
 You stopp'd, and call'd to see if we were well.  
 Now, quite estrang'd, this wretched Place you shun,  
 Like bad Wine, Bus'ness, Duels, and a Dun.  
 Have we, for this, increas'd *Apollo's* Race?  
 Been often pregnant with your Wits Embrace?  
 And borne you many chopping Babes of Grace?  
 Some ugly Toads we had, and that's the Curse,  
 They were so like you, that they far'd the worse;  
 For this To-night, we are not much in Pain,  
 Look on't, and if you like it, entertain:  
 If all the Midwife says of it be true,  
 There are some Features too like some of you:  
 For us, if you think fitting to forsake it,  
 We mean to run away, and let the Parish take it.

---

EPILOGUE, *spoken by Mrs. Barry, at the Theatre-  
 Royal in Drury-Lane, April the 7th, 1709, at her  
 playing in Love for Love with Mrs. Bracegirdle,  
 for the Benefit of Mr. Betterton.*

A S some brave Knight, who once with Spear and  
 Shield,  
 Had fought Renown in many a well-fought Field;  
 But now no more with sacred Fame inspir'd,  
 Was to a peaceful Hermitage retir'd:  
 There, if by Chance, disastrous Tales he hears,  
 Of Matrons Wrongs, and captive Virgins Tears,  
 He feels soft Pity urge his gen'rous Breast,  
 And vows once more to succour the Distress'd.  
 Buckl'd in Mail, he sallies on the Plain,  
 And turns him to the Fates of Arms again.

So we, to former Leagues of Friendship true,  
 Have bid, once more, our peaceful Homes adieu,  
 To aid *old Thomas*, and to pleasure you.  
 Like errant Damsels, boldly we engage,  
 Arm'd, as you see, for the defenceless Stage.  
 Time was, when this good Man no Help did lack,  
 And scorn'd that any She should hold his Back;

But

But now, so Age and Frailty have ordain'd,  
 By \* Two, at once, he's iorc'd to be sustain'd :  
 You see what failing Nature brings Man to ;  
 And yet, let none insult, for aught we know,  
 She may not wear so well with some of you :  
 Tho' old, you find, his Strength is not clean past,  
 But true as Steel, he's Mettle to the last.

If better he perform'd in Days of Yore,  
 Yet now he gives you all that's in his Pow'r ;  
 What can the youngest of you all do more ?

What he has been, tho' present Praise be dumb,  
 Shall haply be a Theme in Times to come,  
 As now we talk of Roscius, and of Rome.

Had you withheld your Favours on this Night,  
 Old SHAKESPEAR'S Ghost had ris'n to do him Right.

With Indignation, had you seen him frown,  
 Upon a worthless, witless, tasteless Town ;

Griev'd and repining, you had heard him say,

Why are the Muses Labours cast away ?

Why did I write what only he could play ?

But since, like Friends to Wit, thus throng'd you meet ;

Go on, and make the gen'rous Work compleat ;

Be true to Merit, and still own his Cause,

Find something for him more than bare Applause ;

In just Remembrance of your Pleasures past,

Be kind, and give him a Discharge at last ;

In Peace and Ease, Life's Remnant let him wear,

And hang his consecrated Buskin † there.

EPILOGUE to the Cruel Gift: *A Tragedy.* By Mrs.  
 Centlivre. *As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal  
 in Drury-Lane, 1717.*

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

WELL, — 'twas a narrow Scape my Lover made,  
 That Cup and Message — I was fore afraid —  
 Was that a Present for a new-made Widow,  
 All in her dismal Dumps, like doleful Dido ?

When

\* Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle clasp him round the  
 Waste. † Pointing to the Top of the Stage.

When one peep'd in — and hop'd for something good,  
 There was — Oh! *Gad!* a nasty *Heart* and *Blood*;  
 If the old Man had shew'd himself a Father,  
 His *Bowl* should have inclos'd a *Cordial* rather,  
 Something to chear me up amidst my Trance,  
*L'Eau de Barbade* — or comfortable *Nants*!†  
 He thought he paid it off with being smart,  
 And to be witty, cry'd, he'd send the Heart.  
 I could have told his Gravity, moreover,  
 Were I our Sex's Secrets to discover,  
 'Tis what we never look for in a *Lover*.  
 Let but the *Bridegroom* prudently provide  
 All other *Matters* fitting for a *Bride*,  
 So he make good the *Jewels* and the *Jointure*,  
 To miss the *Heart*, does seldom disappoint her.  
 Faith, for the *Fashion Hearts* of late are made in,  
 They are the vilest *Baubles* we can trade in.  
 Where are the tough, brave *BRITONS* to be found,  
 With *Hearts of Oak*, so much of old renown'd?  
 How many worthy Gentlemen of late  
 Swore to be true to *Mother-Church* and *State*;  
 When their *false Hearts* were secretly maintaining  
 Yon trim King *PEPIN*, at *Avignon* reigning?  
 Shame on the canting Crew of *Soul-Insurers*,  
 That *Tyburn-Tribe* of *Speech-making Non-jurors*;  
 Who in new-fangled *Terms*, old *Truths* explaining,  
 Teach honest *Englisbmen*, damn'd *Double-Meaning*.  
 Oh! would you lost Integrity restore,  
 And boast that *Faith* your plain Fore-Fathers bore;  
 What surer Pattern can you hope to find,  
 Than that dear *PLEDGE* ‡ your *MONARCH* left behind!  
 See how his *Looks*, his *honest Heart* explain,  
 And speak the Blessings of his *future Reign*!  
 In his each Feature, Truth, and Candour trace,  
 And read *Plain-Dealing*, written in his Face.

PROLOGUE

\* This Tragedy was founded upon the Story of Segismunda and Guiscardo, one of Boccace's Novels; wherein the Heart of the Lover is sent by the Father to his Daughter, as a Present.

† i. e. Citron Water and good Brandy.

‡ The Prince of Wales then present.



PROLOGUE to the Non-Juror: *A Comedy.* By Mr. Cibber. *As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, 1718.*

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

**T**O-night, ye *Whigs* and *Tories* both be safe,  
Nor hope at one another's Cost to laugh :  
We mean to fouse old *Satan*, and the *Pope* ;  
They've no Relations here, nor Friends, we hope.  
A Tool of theirs, supplies the Comic Stage,  
With just Materials for Satyric Rage :  
Nor think our Colours may too strongly paint  
The stiff *Non-Juring*, Separation Saint.  
Good-breeding ne'er commands us to be civil  
To those who give the Nation to the Devil ;  
Who at our surest, best Foundation strike,  
And hate our Monarch, and our Church alike ;  
Our Church — which aw'd with reverential Fear,  
Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here.  
Long may She these her worst of Foes defy,  
And lift her mitred Head triumphant to the Sky :  
While theirs — But Satire silently disdains  
To name, what lives not, but in Madmen's Brains.  
Like Bawds, each lurking Pastor seeks the Dark,  
And fears the Justice's enquiring Clerk.  
In close Back-rooms his routed Flocks he rallies,  
And reigns the Patriarch of blind Lanes and Allies ;  
There safe, he lets his thund'ring Censures fly,  
Unchristens, damns us, gives our Laws the Lie,  
And excommunicates Three Stories high. }  
Why, since a Land of Liberty they hate,  
Still will they linger in this Free-born State ?  
Here, ev'ry Hour, fresh, hateful, Objects rise,  
Peace and Prosperity afflict their Eyes ;  
With Anguish, Prince, and People, they survey,  
Their just Obedience, and his righteous Sway.  
Ship off, ye Slaves, and seek some Passive Land,  
Where Tyrants after your own Hearts command.  
To your *Transalpine* Master's Rule resort,  
And fill an empty abdicated Court :  
Turn your Possessions here to ready Rhino,  
And buy ye Lands and Lordships at *Urbine*.

HORACE,

HORACE, Book II. Ode IV. *Imitated.*

*The Lord Griffin to the Earl of Scarfsdale.*

I.

D O not, most fragrant Earl, disclaim  
Thy bright, thy reputable Flame,  
To *Bracegirdle*, the Brown;  
But publickly espouse the Dame,  
And say G—— D—— the Town.

II.

Full many Heroes, fierce and keen,  
With Drabs have deeply smitten been,  
Although right good Commanders;  
Some who with you have *Hounslow* seen,  
And some who've been in *Flanders*.

III.

Did not base *Greber's* \* *PEGG* inflame  
The sober Earl of *Nottingham*,  
Of sober Sire descended?  
That careless of his Soul and Fame,  
To Play-houses he nightly came,  
And left Church undefended.

IV.

The Monarch, who of *France* is hight,  
Who rules the Rost with matchless Might,  
Since *WILLIAM* went to Heaven;  
Loves *MAINTENON*, his Lady bright,  
Who was but *SCARRON's* Leaving.

V.

Tho' thy Dear's Father kept an Inn  
At grisly Head of *Saracen*,  
For Carriers at *Northampton*;  
Yet she might come of gentler Kin,  
Than e'er that Father dreamt on.

VI.

Of Proffers large her Choice had she,  
Of Jewels, Plate, and Land in Fee,  
Which she with Scorn rejected:  
And can a Nymph so virtuous be,  
Of base-born Blood suspected?

B

VII. Her

\* *Signora Francesco Marguareta de l'Epine, an Italian Songstress.*

## VII.

Her dimple Cheek, and roguish Eye,  
 Her slender Waste, and taper Thigh,  
 I always thought provoking;  
 But, faith, tho' I talk waggishly,  
 I mean no more than Joking.

## VIII.

Then be not jealous, Friend, for why?  
 My Lady Marchioness is nigh,  
 To see I ne'er shall hurt ye;  
 Besides, you know full well, that I,  
 Am turn'd of Five-and-forty.

*The RECONCILEMENT between Jacob Tonson  
 and Mr. Congreve.*

*An Imitation of HORACE, Book III. Ode IX.*

*Tonf.* **W**Hile at my House in *Fleet-street* once you lay,  
 How merrily, dear Sir, Time pass'd away?  
 While I partook your *Wine, your Wit, and Mirth,*  
 I was the happiest Creature on God's Yearth\*.

*Cong.* While in your early Days of Reputation,  
 You for blue Garters had not such a Passion;  
 While yet you did not use (as now your Trade is)  
 To drink with noble Lords, and toast their Ladies;  
 Thou, JACOB TONSON, wert, to my conceiving,  
 The chearfullest, best, honest, Fellow living.

*Tonf.* I'm in with Captain VANBRUGH at the present,  
 A most sweet-natur'd Gentleman, and pleasant;  
 He writes your Comedies, draws Schemes, and Models:  
 And builds Dukes Houses upon very odd Hills:  
 For him, so much I dote on him, that I,  
 If I was sure to go to Heaven, would die.

*Cong.* TEMPLE † and DALAVAL are now my Party,  
 Men that are tam *Mercuria*, both *quam Marte*;  
 And tho' for them I shall scarce go to Heaven,  
 Yet I can drink with them six Nights in seven.

*Tonf.* What if from VAN's dear Arms I should retire,  
 And once more warm my † *Bunnians* at your Fire;

If

\* Tonson (*Sen.*) his Dialect. † Sir Richard Temple, now Lord Cobham. † JACOB's Term for his Corns.

If I to *Bow-street* should invite you home,  
And set a Bed up in my Dining-Room,  
Tell me, dear Mr. CONGREVE, would you come? }  
Cong. Tho' the gay Sailor, and the gentle Knight,  
Were ten times more my Joy and Heart's Delight;  
Tho' civil Persons they, you ruder were,  
And had more Humours than a Dancing-Bear;  
Yet, for your sake, I'd bid 'em both adieu,  
And live and die, dear COB, with only you.

---

HORACE, Book III. Ode XXI.

To his CASK.

I.

HAIL, gentle CASK, whose venerable Head,  
With hoary Down and ancient Dust o'erspread,  
Proclaims, that since the Vine first brought Thee forth,  
Old Age has added to thy Worth.  
Whether the sprightly Juice thou dost contain,  
Thy Vot'ries will to Wit and Love,  
Or senseless Noise and Lewdness move,  
Or Sleep, the Cure of these, and ev'ry other Pain.

II.

Since to some Day, propitious and great,  
Justly, at first, thou was design'd by Fate;  
This Day, the happiest of thy many Years,  
With thee I will forget my Cares:  
To my CORVINUS' Health, thou shalt go round,  
(Since thou art ripen'd for to Day,  
And longer Age would bring Decay) [drown'd.  
Till ev'ry anxious Thought in the rich Stream be

III.

To thee, my Friend, his Roughness shall submit,  
And SOCRATES himself awhile forget.  
Thus when old CATO would sometimes unbend  
The rugged Stiffness of his Mind,  
Stern and severe, the Stoic quaff'd his Bowl,  
His frozen Virtue felt the Charm,  
And soon grew pleas'd, and soon grew warm, [Soul.  
And bless'd the sprightly Pow'r that cheer'd his gloomy



## IV.

With kind Constraint, Ill-nature thou dost bend,  
 And mould the snarling Cynic to a Friend.  
 The Sage reserv'd, and fam'd for Gravity,  
 Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee, [free. }  
 And by thy Pow'r unlock'd, grows easy, gay, and }  
 The Swain, who did some credulous Nymph persuade  
 To grant him all, inspir'd by thee,  
 Devotes her to his Vanity.  
 And to his Fellow-Fops toasts the abandon'd Maid.

## V.

The Wretch, who press'd beneath a Load of Cares,  
 And lab'ring with continual Woes, despairs.  
 If thy kind Warmth does his chill'd Sense invade,  
 From Earth he rears his drooping Head,  
 Reviv'd by thee, he ceases now to mourn;  
 His flying Cares give Way to Haste,  
 And to the God resign his Breast,  
 Where Hopes of better Days, and better Things return.

## VI.

The lab'ring Hind, who with hard Toil and Pains,  
 Amidst his Wants, a wretched Life maintains;  
 If thy rich Juice his homely Supper crown,  
 Hot with thy Fires, and bolder grown,  
 Of Kings, and of their arbitrary Pow'r,  
 And how by impious Arms they reign,  
 Fiercely he talks with rude Disdain,  
 And vows to be a Slave, to be a Wretch no more.

## VII.

Fair Queen of Love, and thou great God of Wine, }  
 Hear ev'ry Grace, and all ye Pow'rs divine, }  
 All that to Mirth and Friendship do incline,  
 Crown this auspicious Cask, and happy Night,  
 With all Things that can give Delight;  
 Be ev'ry Care and anxious Thought away;  
 Ye Tapers still be bright and clear,  
 Rival the Moon, and each pale Star, [Day.  
 Your Beams shall yield to none, but his who brings the

HORACE,

HORACE, Book IV. Ode I.

To VENUS.

ONCE more the Queen of Love invades my Breast,  
Late, with long Ease, and peaceful Pleasures blest;  
Spare, spare the Wretch, that still has been thy Slave, }  
And let my former Service have  
The Merit to protect me to the Grave.

Much am I chang'd from what I once have been,

When under CYNERA the good and fair,

With Joy I did thy Fetters wear,

Bless'd in the gentle Sway of an indulgent Queen.

Stiff and unequal to the Labour now,

With Pain my Neck beneath thy Yoke I bow.

Why dost thou urge me still to bear? Oh! why

Dost thou not much rather fly

To youthful Breasts, to Mirth and Gaiety? }

Go, bid thy Swans their glossy Wings expand,

And swiftly thro' the yielding Air

To DAMON thee their Goddess bear,

Worthy to be thy Slave, and fit for thy Command.

Noble, and graceful, witty, gay, and young,

Joy in his Heart, Love on his charming Tongue.

Skill'd in a Thousand soft prevailing Arts,

With wond'rous Force the Youth imparts

Thy Pow'r to unexperienced Virgins Hearts. }

Far shall he stretch the Bounds of thy Command;

And if thou shalt his Wishes bless,

Beyond his Rivals with Success,

In Gold and Marble shall thy Statues stand.

Beneath the sacred Shade of *Odel's* Wood,

Or on the Banks of *Ouse's* gentle Flood,

With od'rous Beams a Temple he shall raise,

For ever sacred to thy Praise,

Till the fair Stream, and Wood, and Love itself de- [cays. }

There while rich Incense on thy Altar burns,

Thy Votaries, the Nymphs and Swains,

In melting soft harmonious Strains, [Turns.

Mix'd with the softer Flutes, shall tell their Flames by

As Love and Beauty with the Light are born,

So with the Day thy Honours shall return;

Some lovely Youth, pair'd with a blushing Maid,  
 A Troop of either Sex shall lead,  
 And twice the *Salian* Measures round thy Altar tread. }  
 Thus with an equal Empire o'er the Light,  
 The Queen of Love, and God of Wit,  
 Together rise, together sit:  
 But, Goddess, do thou stay, and bless alone the Night.  
 There may'st thou reign, while I forget to love;  
 No more false Beauty shall my Passion move;  
 Nor shall my fond believing Heart be led,  
 By mutual Vows and Oaths betray'd, }  
 To hope for Truth from the protesting Maid.  
 With Love the sprightly Joys of Wine are fled;  
 The Roses too shall wither now,  
 That us'd to shade and crown my Brow,  
 And round my chearful Temples fragrant Odours shed.  
 But tell me, CYNTHIA, say, bewitching Fair,  
 What mean these Sighs? Why steals this falling Tear?  
 And when my struggling Thoughts for Passage strove, }  
 Why did my Tongue refuse to move;  
 Tell me can this be any Thing but Love? }  
 Still with the Night my Dreams my Grievs renew,  
 Still she is present to my Eyes,  
 And still in vain I, as she flies, [pursue.  
 O'er Woods, and Plains, and Seas, the scornful Maid

HORACE, Book I. Epist. IV. *Imitated.*

To RICHARD THORNHILL, Esq;\*

THORNHILL, whom doubly to my Heart commend  
 The Critic's Art, and Candour of a Friend,  
 Say what thou dost in thy Retirement find,  
 Worthy the Labours of thy active Mind?  
 Whether the tragic Muse inspires thy Thought,  
 To emulate what moving OTWAY wrote?  
 Or whether to the Covert of some Grove,  
 Thou and thy Thoughts do from the World remove?  
 Where to thyself thou all those Rules dost show,  
 That good Men ought to Practise, or wise know.

For

\* Who fought the Duel with Sir Cholmondley Deering.



For sure thy Mass of Men is no dull Clay,  
But well inform'd with the celestial Ray.  
The bounteous Gods, to thee compleatly kind,  
In a fair Frame inclos'd thy fairer Mind;  
And tho' they did profusely Wealth bestow,  
They gave thee the true Use of Wealth to know.  
Could ev'n the Nurse wish for her darling Boy  
A Happiness which thou dost not enjoy:  
What can her fond Ambition ask beyond  
A Soul by Wisdom's noblest Precepts crown'd?  
To this fair Speech, and happy Uttr'ance join'd,  
T' unlock the secret Treasures of the Mind,  
And make the Blessing common to Mankind.  
On these let Health and Reputation wait,  
The Favour of the Virtuous and the Great:  
A Table chearfully and cleanly spread,  
Stranger alike to Riot and to Need:  
Such an Estate as no Extremes may know,  
A free and just Disdain for all Things else below.  
Amidst uncertain Hopes and anxious Cares,  
Tumult'ous Strife, and miserable Fears,  
Prepare for all Events thy constant Breast,  
And let each Day be to thee as thy last.  
That Morning's Dawn will with new Pleasures rise,  
Whose Light shall unexpected bless thy Eyes.  
Me, when to Town in Winter you repair,  
Batt'ning in Ease you'll find, sleek, fresh, and fair;  
Me, who have learn'd from EPICURUS' Lore,  
To snatch the Blessings of the flying Hour;  
Whom ev'ry *Friday* at the *Vine* \* you'll find  
His true Disciple, and your faithful Friend.

---

The UNION.

WHILE rich in brightest Red, the blushing *Rose*,  
Her freshest op'ning Beauties did disclose;  
Her, the rough *Thistle* from a neighb'ring Field,  
With fond Desires, and Lover's Eyes beheld:  
Straight the *fierce Plant* lays by his pointed Darts,  
And wooes the *gentle Flow'r* with softer Arts.

B 4

Kindly

\* *The Vine Tavern in Long-Acre.*

Kindly *ſhe* heard, and did *his* Flame approve,  
 And own'd the *Warrior* worthy of *her* Love.  
 FLORA, whoſe happy Laws the Season guide,  
 Who does in Fields and painted Meads preſide,  
 And crowns the Gardens with their flow'ry Pride,  
 With Pleaſure ſaw the *wiſhing* Pair combine,  
 To favour what their *Goddeſs* did deſign,  
 And bid them in eternal UNION join.  
 Henceforth, ſhe ſaid, in each returning Year,  
 One Stem the *Thiſtle* and the *Rose* ſhall bear:  
 The *Thiſtle's* laſting Grace, thou, O my *Rose*! ſhalt be,  
 The warlike *Thiſtle's Arms*, a ſure Defence to Thee.

---

ON CONTENTMENT.

Done from the *Latin* of *J. Gerbard*.\*

MANY, that once, by *Fortune's* Bounty rear'd,  
 Amidſt the Wealthy and the Great appear'd;  
 Have wiſely from thoſe envy'd Heights declin'd,  
 Have ſunk to that juſt Level of Mankind, [*of Mind.*]  
 Where, nor *too little*, nor *too much*, gives the true Peace

---

On the Laſt Judgment, and the Happineſs of the  
 Saints in Heaven.

Done from the *Latin* of *J. Gerbard*.

I N that bleſſ'd Day, from ev'ry Part, the Juſt,  
 Rais'd from the liquid Deep or mould'ring Duſt,  
 The various Products of Time's fruitful Womb,  
 All of paſt Ages, preſent, and to come,  
 In full Aſſembly, ſhall at once reſort,  
 And meet within high Heav'n's capacious Court:  
 Their famous Names, rever'd in Days of old,  
 Our great Forefathers there we ſhall behold,  
 From whom old Stocks and Anceſtry began,  
 And worthily in long Succeſſion ran;  
 The reverend Sires with Pleaſure ſhall we greet,  
 Attentive hear, while faithful they repeat  
 Full many a virtuous Deed, and many a noble Feat.  
 There,

\* In *his* Meditationes Sacrae.

There, all those tender Ties, which here below,  
Or Kindred, or more sacred Friendship know,  
Firm, constant, and unchangeable shall grow.  
Refin'd from Passion, and the Dregs of Sense,  
A better, truer, dearer Love from thence,  
Its everlasting Being shall commence:  
There, like their Days, their Joys shall ne'er be done,  
No Night shall rise, to shade Heaven's glorious Sun,  
But one eternal Holy-day go on.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT: A SONG.

*To the Tune of Grim King of the Ghosts.*

**D**Espairing beside a clear Stream,  
A Shepherd forsaken was laid;  
And while a false Nymph was his Theme,  
A Willow supported his Head.  
The Wind that blew over the Plain,  
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply;  
And the Brook, in Return to his Pain,  
Ran mournfully murmuring by.  
Alas, silly Swain that I was!  
Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd,  
When first I beheld that fair Face,  
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.  
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear Tongue;  
When she smil'd, 'twas a Pleasure too great,  
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,  
Was Nightingale ever so sweet?  
How foolish was I to believe,  
She could doat on so lowly a Clown,  
Or that her fond Heart would not grieve,  
To forsake the fine Folk of the Town?  
To think that a Beauty so gay,  
So kind and so constant would prove;  
Or go clad like our Maidens in Gray,  
Or live in a Cottage on Love?  
What tho' I have Skill to complain,  
Tho' the Muses my Temples have crown'd;  
What tho' when they hear my soft Strain,  
The Virgins sit weeping around.

Ah, COLIN, thy Hopes are in vain,  
 Thy Pipe and thy Laurel resign;  
 Thy false One inclines to a Swain,  
 Whose Music is sweeter than thine.  
 And you, my Companions so dear,  
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,  
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,  
 Forbear to accuse the false Maid.  
 Tho' thro' the wide World I should range,  
 'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly,  
 'Twas her's to be false and to change,  
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.  
 If while my hard Fate I sustain,  
 In her Breast any Pity is found,  
 Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,  
 And see me laid low in the Ground.  
 The last humble Boon that I crave,  
 Is to shade me with Cypress and Yew:  
 And when she looks down on my Grave,  
 Let her own that her Shepherd was true.  
 Then to her new Love let her go,  
 And deck her in golden Array,  
 Be finest at ev'ry fine Show,  
 And frolic it all the long Day;  
 While COLIN, forgotten and gone,  
 No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,  
 Unless, when beneath the pale Moon,  
 His Ghost shall glide over the Green.

---

*EPIGRAM on a Lady who shed her Water at seeing  
the Tragedy of Cato.*

**W**HILST maudlin Whigs deplore their CATO'S  
 Still with dry Eyes the Tory CELIA fate: [Fate,  
 But tho' her Pride forbad her Eyes to flow,  
 The gushing Waters found a Vent below.  
 Tho' secret yet with copious Streams she mourns,  
 Like twenty *River-Gods* with all their Urns.  
 Let others screw an hypocritic Face,  
 She shews her Grief in a sincerer Place!  
 Here Nature reigns, and Passion void of Art;  
 For this Road leads directly to the Heart.



## M E C Æ N A S.

VERSES, occasioned by the Honours conferred on the  
Right Honourable the Earl of HALIFAX, 1714;  
being that Year installed Knight of the most noble  
Order of the Garter.

PHOEBUS and CÆSAR once conspir'd to grace  
A noble Knight, of ancient *Tuscan* Race.  
The Monarch, greatly conscious of his Worth,  
From Books and his Retirement call'd him forth;  
Adorn'd the Patriot with the *Civic* Crown,  
The Consul's *Fasces* and *Patrician* Gown:  
The World's whole Wealth he gave him to bestow,  
And teach the Streams of Treasure where to flow:  
To him he bade the suppliant Nations come,  
And on his Counsels fix'd the Fate of *Rome*.

The God of Wit, who taught him first to sing,  
And tune high Numbers to the vocal String,  
With jealous Eyes beheld the bounteous King.

Forbear, he cry'd, to rob me of my Share;  
Our common Fav'rite is our common Care.  
Honours and Wealth thy grateful Hand may give;  
But PHOEBUS only bids the Poet live.

The Service of his faithful Heart is thine;  
There let thy JULIAN *Star* an Emblem shine;  
His Mind, and her imperial Seat are mine.  
Then bind his Brow, ye *Thespian* Maids, he said,  
The willing Muses the Command obey'd,  
And wove the deathless Laurel for his Head.

---

EPIGRAM on the Prince of WALES's, then Regent,  
appearing at the Fire in Spring-Garden, 1716.

THY GUARDIAN, blest *Britannia*, scorns to sleep,  
When the sad Subjects of his Father weep;  
Weak Princes by their Fears increase Distress;  
He faces Danger, and so makes it less.  
Tyrants on blazing Towns may smile with Joy,  
He knows to *Save* is greater than *Destroy*.

*SONG on a fine Woman who had a dull Husband.*

## I.

**W**HEN on fair *Celia's* Eyes I gaze,  
And blest their Light divine;  
I stand confounded with Amaze,  
To think on what they shine.

## II.

On oae vile Clod of Earth she seems  
To fix their Influence;  
Which kindles not at those bright Beams,  
Nor wakens into Sense.

## III.

Lost and bewilder'd with the Thought,  
I cou'd not but complain,  
That Nature's lavish Hand had wrought  
This fairest Work in vain.

## IV.

Thus some who have the Stars survey'd,  
Are ignorantly led,  
To think these glorious Lamps were made  
To light *Tom-Fool* to Bed.

*Occasioned by his first Visit to Lady Warwick at  
Holland-House.*

## I.

**H**EARING that *Chloe's* Bower crown'd  
The Summit of a neighbouring Hill,  
Where ev'ry rural Joy was found,  
Where Health and Wealth were plac'd around,  
To wait like Servants on her Will.

## II.

I went, and found 'twas as they said,  
That ev'ry Thing look'd fresh and fair;  
Her Herds in flow'ry Pastures stray'd,  
Delightful was the Green-wood Shade,  
And gently breath'd the balmy Air.

## III.

But when I found my troubled Heart  
Uneasy grown within my Breast,  
My Breath came short, and in each Part  
Some new Disorder seem to start,

Which pain'd me sore and broke my Rest. IV. Some

## IV.

Some noxious Vapour sure, I said,  
 From this unwholsome Soil must rise;  
 Some secret Venom is convey'd,  
 Or from this Field, or from that Shade,  
 That does the Pow'rs of Life surprize.

## V.

Soon as the skilful *Leach* beheld  
 The Change that in my Health was grown:  
 Blame not, he cry'd, nor Wood, nor Field;  
 Diseases which such Symptoms yield,  
 Proceed from *Chloe's* Eyes alone.

## VI.

Alike she kills in ev'ry Air,  
 The coldest Breast her Beauties warm;  
 And tho' the Fever took you there,  
 If *Chloe* had not been so fair,  
 The Place had never done you Harm.

STANZAS to Lady WARWICK on Mr. Addison's  
 going to Ireland.

## I.

YE Gods and Nereid Nymphs, who rule the Sea!  
 Who chain loud Storms, and still the raging Main:  
 With Care, the gentle *Lycidas* convey,  
 And bring the faithful Lover safe again.

## II.

When *Albion's* Shore with chearless Heart he left,  
 Pensive and sad upon the Deck he stood,  
 Of ev'ry Joy in *Chloe's* Eyes bereft,  
 And wept his Sorrows in the swelling Flood.

## III.

Ah, fairest Maid! whom, as I well divine,  
 The righteous Gods his just Reward ordain;  
 For his Return thy pious Wishes join,  
 That thou, at length, may pay him for his Pain.

## IV.

And since his Love does thine alone pursue,  
 In Arts unpractis'd, and unus'd to range;  
 I charge thee be, by his Example, true,  
 And shun thy Sex's Inclination, Change.

V. When

## V.

When Crowds of youthful Lovers round thee wait,  
 And tender Thoughts in sweetest Words impart;  
 When thou art woo'd by Titles, Wealth, and State,  
 Then think on *Lycidas*, and guard thy Heart.

## VI.

When the gay Theatre shall charm thy Eyes,  
 When artful Wit shall speak thy Beauty's Praise;  
 When Harmony shall thy soft Soul surprize,  
 Sooth all thy Senses, and thy Passions raise.

## VII.

Amidst whatever various Joys appear,  
 Yet breathe one Sigh, for one sad Minute mourn;  
 Nor let thy Heart know one Delight sincere,  
 Till thy own truest *Lycidas* return.

*The VISIT.*

**W**IT and Beauty t'other Day,  
 Chanc'd to take me in their Way;  
 And, to make the Favour greater,  
 Brought the Graces and Good-nature,  
 Conversation Care beguiling,  
 Joy in Dimples ever smiling,  
 All the Pleasures here below,  
 Men can ask, or Gods bestow.  
 A jolly Train, believe me! No:  
 There were but Two, *Lepell* and *How*.

*The CONTENTED SHEPHERD.*

To Mrs. A—— D——.

## I.

**A**S on a Summer's Day  
 In the Greenwood Shade I lay,  
 The Maid that I lov'd,  
 As her Fancy mov'd,  
 Came walking forth that Way.

II. And



II.

And as she passed by,  
With a scornful Glance of her Eye,  
What a Shame, quoth she,  
For a Swain must it be,  
Like a lazy Loon for to die!

III.

And dost thou nothing heed,  
What *Pan* our God has decreed;  
What a Prize To-day  
Shall be given away,  
To the sweetest Shepherd's Reed?

IV.

There's not a single Swain  
Of all this fruitful Plain,  
But with Hopes and Fears  
Now busily prepares  
The bonny Boon to gain.

V.

Shall another Maiden shine  
In brighter Array than thine?  
Up, up, dull Swain,  
Tune thy Pipe once again,  
And make the Garland mine.

VI.

Alas! my Love, he cry'd,  
What avails this courtly Pride?  
Since thy dear Desert  
Is written in my Heart,  
What is all the World beside?

VII.

To me thou art more gay,  
In this homely Ruffet Gray,  
Than the Nymphs of our Green,  
So trim and so sheen,  
Or the brightest Queen of May.

VIII.

What tho' my Fortune frown,  
And deny thee a silken Gown;  
My own dear Maid,  
Be content with this Shade,  
And a Shepherd all thy own.

## SONG. AH WILLOW.

To the Same, in her Sickness.

## I.

TO the Brook and the Willow that heard him  
 complain, *Ab Willow, Willow.*  
 Poor Colin sat weeping, and told them his Pain.  
*Ab Willow, Willow; ah Willow, Willow.*

## II.

Sweet Stream, he cry'd sadly, I'll teach thee to flow;  
*Ab Willow, &c.*  
 And the Waters shall rise to the Brink with my Woe.  
*Ab Willow, &c.*

## III.

All restless and painful poor Amoret lies,  
*Ab Willow, &c.*  
 And counts the sad Moments of Time as it flies.  
*Ab Willow, &c.*

## IV.

To the Nymph my Heart loves, ye soft Slumbers re-  
 pair; *Ab Willow, &c.*  
 Spread your downy Wings o'er her, and make her your  
 Care. *Ab Willow, &c.*

## V.

Dear Brook, were thy Chance near her Pillow to creep,  
*Ab Willow, &c.*  
 Perhaps thy soft Murmurs might lull her to sleep.  
*Ab Willow, &c.*

## VI.

Let me be kept waking, my Eyes never close,  
*Ab Willow, &c.*  
 So the Sleep that I lose brings my Fair One Repose,  
*Ab Willow, &c.*

## VII.

But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed;  
*Ab Willow, &c.*  
 If the Loss of my dear One, my Love is decreed;  
*Ab Willow, &c.*

## VIII.

If no more my sad Heart by those Eyes shall be cheer'd;  
*Ab Willow, &c.*  
 If the Voice of my Warbler no more shall be heard;  
*Ab Willow, &c.*

## IX. Be-

IX.

Believe me, thou fair One ; thou dear One, believe,  
*Ab Willow, &c.*  
 Few Sighs to thy Loss, and few Tears will I give.  
*Ab Willow, &c.*

X.

One Fate to thy *Colin* and thee shall be ty'd,  
*Ab Willow, &c.*  
 And soon lay thy Shepherd close by thy cold Side.  
*Ab Willow, &c.*

XI.

Then run, gentle Brook ; and to lose thyself, haste ;  
*Ab Willow, Willow.*  
 Fade thou too, my Willow, this Verse is my last ;  
*Ab Willow, Willow ; ah Willow, Willow.*

*To the Same, singing.*

I.

**W**HAT Charms in Melody are found,  
 To soften ev'ry Pain !  
 How do we catch the healing Sound,  
 And feel the soothing Strain !

II.

Still when I hear thee, O my Fair,  
 I bid my Heart rejoice ;  
 I shake off ev'ry sullen Care,  
 For Sorrow flies thy Voice.

III.

The Seasons *Philomel* obey,  
 Whene'er they hear her sing ;  
 She bids the Winter fly away,  
 And she recalls the Spring.

SONG. *The FAIR INCONSTANT.*

H E.

**S**INCE I have long lov'd you in vain,  
 And doted on ev'ry Feature ;  
 Give me, at length, but Leave to complain  
 Of so ungrateful a Creature.

Tho' I beheld in your wandring Eyes  
 The wanton Symptoms of Ranging;  
 Still I resolv'd against being wise,  
 And lov'd you in spite of your changing.

S H E.

Why shou'd you blame what Heaven has made,  
 Or find any Fault in Creation?  
 'Tis not the Crime of the faithless Maid,  
 But Nature's Inclination.  
 'Tis not because I love you less,  
 Or think you not a true One;  
 But if the Truth I must confess,  
 I always lov'd a new One.

*To Lord WARWICK on his Birth-Day.*

WHEN fraught with all that grateful Minds can  
 move,  
 With Friendship, Tenderness, Respect and Love;  
 The Muse had wish'd, on this returning Day,  
 Something most worthy of herself to say:  
 To *Jove* she offer'd up an humble Pray'r,  
 To take the noble WARWICK to his Care.  
 Give him, she said, whate'er diviner Grace  
 Adorns the Soul, or beautifies the Face:  
 Let manly Constancy confirm his Truth,  
 And gentlest Manners crown his blooming Youth.  
 Give him to Fame, to Virtue to aspire,  
 Worthy our Songs and thy informing Fire:  
 All various Praise, all Honours let him prove,  
 Let Men admire, and sighing Virgins love:  
 With honest Zeal inflame his generous Mind,  
 To love his Country and protect Mankind.  
 Attentive to her Pray'r, the God reply'd,  
 Why dost thou ask what has not been deny'd?  
*Jove's* bounteous Hand has lavish'd all his Pow'r,  
 And making what he is, can add no more.  
 Yet since I joy in what I did create,  
 I will prolong the Favourite WARWICK's Fate,  
 And lengthen out his Years to some uncommon Date.



To Lady JANE WHARTON on her studying the Globe.

WHILE o'er the Globe, fair Nymph, your Searches  
And trace its rolling Circuit round the Sun, [run,  
You seem'd the World beneath you to survey,  
With Eyes ordain'd to give its People Day.  
With two fair Lamps methought your Nations shone,  
While ours are poorly lighted up by One.  
How did those Rays your happier Empire gild?  
How clothe the flow'ry Mead and fruitful Field?  
Your Earth was in eternal Spring array'd,  
And laughing Joy amidst its Natives play'd.

Such is their Day, but chearless is their Night,  
No friendly Moon reflects your absent Light:  
And Oh! when yet ere many Years are past,  
Those Beams on other Objects shall be plac'd,  
When some young Hero with resistless Art,  
Shall draw those Eyes, and warm that Virgin Heart:  
How shall your Creatures then their Loss deplore,  
And want those Suns that rise for them no more?  
The Bliss you give will be confin'd to One,  
And for his Sake your World must be undone.

---

To Mrs. PULTENEY upon her going abroad.

TIRD with the frequent Mischiefs of her Eyes,  
To distant Climes the fair *Belinda* flies.  
She sees her spreading Flames consume around,  
And not another Conquest to be found.  
Secure in foreign Realms at will to reign,  
She leaves her Vassals here with proud Disdain.  
One only Joy which in her Heart she wears,  
The dear Companion of her Flight she bears.  
*Aeneas* thus a burning Town forsook,  
Thus into Banishment his Gods he took:  
But to retrieve his native *Troy's* Disgrace,  
Fix'd a new Empire in a happier Place.

---

ODE for the New Year, 1716.

I.  
HAIL to thee, glorious rising Year,  
With what uncommon Grace thy Days appear!  
Comely

Comely art thou in thy Prime,  
 Lovely Child of hoary Time;  
 Where thy golden Footsteps tread,  
 Pleasures all around thee spread;  
 Bliss and Beauty grace thy Train;  
 Muse, strike the Lyre to some immortal Strain.  
 But oh! what Skill, what Master Hand,  
 Shall govern or constrain the wanton Band!  
 Loose like my Verse they dance, and all without Com-  
 Images of fairest Things, [mand.  
 Crowd about the speaking Strings;  
 Peace and sweet Prosperity,  
 Faith and chearful Loyalty,  
 With smiling Love and deathless Poesy.

## II.

Ye skowling Shades, who break away,  
 Well do ye fly and shun the purple Day.  
 Ev'ry Friend and Friend-like Form,  
 Black and fullen as a Storm.  
 Jealous Fear, and false Surmise,  
 Danger with her dreadful Eyes,  
 Faction, Fury, all are fled.  
 And bold Rebellion hides her daring Head.  
 Behold, thou gracious Year, behold,  
 For whom the whiter Days were kept from Times of  
 See thy GEORGE, for this is he! [old!  
 On his right Hand, waiting free,  
 Britain and fair Liberty:  
 Ev'ry Good is in his Face,  
 Every open honest Grace.  
 Thou great *Plantagenet*! immortal be thy Race!

## III.

See! the sacred Scyon Springs,  
 See the glad Promise of a Line of Kings!  
 Royal Youth! what Bard divine,  
 Equal to a praise like thine,  
 Shall in some exalted Measure,  
 Sing thee, *Britain's* dearest Treasure?  
 Who her Joy in thee shall tell,  
 Who the sprightly Note shall swell  
 His Voice attemp'ring to the tuneful Shell?

Thee

Thee *Audenard's* recorded Field,  
 Bold in thy brave paternal Band, beheld,  
 And saw, with hopeless Heart, thy fainting Rival yield:  
 Troubled he, with sore Dismay,  
 To thy stronger Fate gave way,  
 Safe beneath thy noble Scorn,  
 Wingy-footed was he borne,  
 Swift as the fleeting Shades upon the golden Corn.

IV.

What Valour, what distinguish'd Worth,  
 From thee shall lead the coming Ages forth?  
 Crested Helms and shining Shields,  
 Warriors fam'd in foreign Fields;  
 Hoary Heads with Olive bound,  
 Kings and Lawgivers renown'd;  
 Crowding still they rise anew,  
 Beyond the Reach of deep prophetic View.  
 Young AUGUSTUS! never cease!  
 Pledge of our present and our future Peace,  
 Still pour the Blessings forth, and give thy great Increase.  
 All the Stock that Fate ordains  
 To supply succeeding Reigns,  
 Whether Glory shall inspire  
 Gentler Arts or martial Fire,  
 Still the Fair Descent shall be  
 Dear to *Albion* all, like Thee,  
 Patrons of righteous Rules, and Foes to Tyranny.

V.

Ye golden Lights who shine on high,  
 Ye potent Planets who ascend the Sky,  
 On the op'ning Year dispense  
 All your kindest Influence;  
 Heav'nly Pow'rs be all prepar'd  
 For our CAROLINA's Guard;  
 Short and easy be the Pains,  
 Which for a Nation's Weal, the Heroine sustains.  
*Britannia's* Angel, be thou near;  
 The growing Race is thy peculiar Care,  
 Oh spread thy sacred Wing above the royal Fair.  
 GEORGE by Thee was wafted o'er,  
 To the long expected Shore:  
 None presuming to withstand  
 Thy celestial armed Hand,

While

While his sacred Head to shade,  
The blended Cross on high Thy Silver Shield display'd.

## VI.

But oh! what other Form divine  
Propitious near the Hero seems to shine!  
Peace of Mind, and Joy serene,  
In her sacred Eyes are seen,  
Honour binds her mitred Brow,  
Faith and Truth beside her go,  
With Zeal and pure Devotion, bending low:  
A thousand Storms around her threat,  
A thousand Billows roar beneath her Feet,  
While fix'd upon a Rock, she keeps her stable Seat.  
Still in sign of sure Defence,  
Trust and mutual Confidence,  
On the Monarch, standing by,  
Still she bends her gracious Eye, [nigh.  
Nor fears her Foes Approach, while Heav'n and He are

## VII.

Hence then with ev'ry anxious Care!  
Begone, pale Envy, and thou cold Despair!  
Seek ye not a moody Cell,  
Where Deceit and Treason dwell;  
There repining, raging, still  
Th' idle Air with Curses fill; [Hill;  
There blast the pathless Wild, and the bleak Northern  
There your Exile vainly moan;  
There, where with Murmurs horrid as your own,  
Beneath the sweeping Winds, the bending Forests  
But thou, Hope, with smiling Chear, [groan;  
Do thou bring the ready Year;  
See the Hours! a chosen Band!  
See with jocund Looks they stand,  
All in their trim Array, and waiting for Command.

## VIII.

The welcome Train begins to move,  
Hope leads Increase and chaste connubial Love:  
Flora sweet her Bounty spreads,  
Smelling Gardens, painted Meads;  
Ceres crowns the yellow Plain;  
Pan rewards the Shepherd's Pain;  
All is plenty, all is Wealth,  
And on the balmy Air sits Rosy-colour'd Health. I



I hear the Mirth, I hear the Land rejoice,  
 Like many Waters swells the pealing Noise,  
 While to their Monarch, thus, they raise the public  
 Father of thy Country, hail! [Voice.  
 Always ev'ry where prevail;  
 Pious, valiant, just, and wise,  
 Better Suns for thee arise,  
 Purer Breezes fan the Skies,  
 Earth in Fruits and Flow'rs is drest,  
 Joy abounds in ev'ry Breast,  
 For thee thy People all, for thee the Year is blest.

SONG for the King's Birth-Day, 28th of May, 1716.

I.

LAY thy flow'ry Garlands by,  
 Ever blooming gentle May!  
 Other Honours now are nigh;  
 Other Honours see we pay.  
 Lay thy flow'ry Garlands by, &c.

II.

Majesty and great Renown  
 Wait thy beamy Brow to crown,  
 Parent of our Hero, thou,  
 GEORGE ON Britain didst bestow.  
 Thee the Trumpet, thee the Drum,  
 With the plumed Helm, become:  
 Thee the Spear and shining Shield,  
 With ev'ry Trophy of the warlike Field.

III.

Call thy better Blessings forth,  
 For the Honour of his Birth:  
 Still the Voice of loud Commotion,  
 Bid the complaining Murmurs cease,  
 Lay the Billows of the Ocean;  
 And compose the Land in Peace.  
 Call thy better, &c.

IV.

Queen of Odours, fragrant May,  
 For this Boon, this happy Day,  
 Janus, with the double Face,  
 Shall to thee resign his Place,  
 Thou shalt rule with better Grace:

}  
 Time

Time from thee shall wait his Doom,  
And thou shalt lead the Year for ev'ry Age to come.

## V.

Fairest Month! in *Cæsar* pride thee,  
Nothing like him canst thou bring,  
Tho' the Graces smile beside thee:  
Tho' thy Bounty gives the Spring.

## VI.

Tho' like *Flora* thou array thee,  
Finer than the painted Bow;  
*Carolina* shall repay thee  
All thy Sweetness, all thy Show.

## VII.

She herself a Glory greater  
Than thy golden Sun discloses;  
And her smiling Offspring sweeter  
Than the Bloom of all thy Roses.

## ODE for the New-Year, 1717.

## I.

**W**INTER! thou hoary, venerable Sire,  
All richly in thy furry Mantle clad;  
What Thoughts of Mirth can feeble Age inspire,  
To make thy careful wrinkled Brow so glad?

## II.

Now I see the Reason plain,  
Now I see thy jolly Train:  
Snowy-headed Winter leads,  
Spring and Summer next succeeds;  
Yellow Autumn brings the Rear,  
Thou art Father of the Year.

## III.

While from the frosty mellow'd Earth  
Abounding Plenty takes her Birth,  
The conscious Sire, exulting, sees  
The Seasons spread their rich Increase;  
So dusky Night and Chaos smil'd  
On beauteous Form their lovely Child.

## IV.

O fair Variety!  
What Bliss thou dost supply!

The Foul brings forth the Fair  
To deck the changing Year.  
When our old Pleasures die,  
Some new one still is nigh;  
Oh! fair Variety!

V.

Our Passions, like the Seasons, turn;  
And now we laugh, and now we mourn.  
*Britannia* late oppress'd with Dread,  
Hung her declining, drooping Head:  
A better Visage now she wears,  
And now, at once, she quits her Fears:  
Strife and War no more she knows,  
Rebel Sons, nor foreign Foes.

VI.

Safe, beneath her mighty Master,  
In Security she sits;  
Plants her loose Foundations faster,  
And her Sorrows past forgets.

VII.

Happy Isle! the Care of Heav'n,  
To the Guardian Hero giv'n,  
Unrepining still obey him,  
Still with Love and Duty pay him.

VIII.

Tho' he parted from thy Shore,  
While contesting Kings attend him;  
Cou'd he, *Britain*, give thee more,  
Than the Pledge he left behind him?

ODE to Peace, for the Year 1718.

I.

THOU fairest, sweetest Daughter of the Skies,  
Indulgent, gentle, Life-restoring Peace!  
With what auspicious Beauties dost thou rise,  
And *Britain's* new-revolving *Janus* bless?

II.

Hoary Winter smiles before thee,  
Dances merrily along:  
Hours and Seasons all adore thee,  
And for thee are ever young:

C

Ever

Ever Goddesses thus appear,  
Ever lead the joyful Year.

## III.

In thee the Night, in thee the Day is blest;  
In thee the dearest of the purple East:  
'Tis thine, immortal Pleasures to impart,  
Mirth to inspire, and raise the drooping Heart:  
To thee the Pipe and tuneful String belong,  
Thou Theme eternal for the Poet's Song.

## IV.

Awake the golden Lyre,  
Ye *Heliconian* Choir,  
Swell ev'ry Note still higher,  
And Melody inspire  
At Heav'n and Earth's Desire.

## V.

Hark, how the Sounds agree,  
With due Complacency!  
Sweet Peace, 'tis all by thee,  
For thou art Harmony.

## VI.

Who, by Nature's fairest Creatures,  
Can describe her heav'nly Features?  
What Comparison can fit her?  
Sweet are Roses, she is sweeter;  
Light is good, but Peace is better.  
Wou'd you see her such as *Jove*,  
Form'd for universal Love,  
Bless'd by Men, and Gods above?  
Wou'd you ev'ry Feature trace,  
Ev'ry sweetly smiling Grace?  
Seek our CAROLINA'S Face.

## VII.

Peace and She are *Britain's* Treasures,  
Fruitful in eternal Pleasures:  
Still their Bounty shall increase us,  
Still their smiling Offspring bless us,  
Happy Day, when each was given,  
By *Cæsar* and indulgent Heav'n.



CHORUS.

Hail, ye celestial Pair!  
Still let *Britannia* be your Care,  
And Peace and *CAROLINA* crown the Year.

ODE for the King's Birth-Day, 1718.

I.

OH, touch the String, celestial Muse, and say,  
Why are peculiar Times and Seasons blest?  
Is it in Fate, that one distinguish'd Day  
Shou'd with more hallow'd Purple paint the East?

II.

Look on Life and Nature's Race!  
How the careless Minutes pass,  
How they wear a common Face:  
One is what another was!  
Till the happy Hero's Worth  
Bid the Festival stand forth;  
Till the golden Light he crown,  
Till he mark it for his own.

III.

How had this glorious Morning been forgot,  
Unthought of as the Things that never were;  
Had not our greatest *Cæsar* been its Lot,  
And call'd it from amongst the vulgar Year.

IV.

Now, Nature, be gay  
In the Pride of thy *May*,  
To Court let thy Graces repair:  
Let *Flora* bestow  
The Crown from her Brow,  
For our brighter *Britannia* to wear.

V.

Through ev'ry Language of thy peopled Earth,  
Far as the Seas or *Cæsar's* Influence goes,  
Let thankful Nations celebrate his Birth,  
And bless the Author of the World's Repose.

VI.

Let *Volga* tumbling in *Cascades*,  
And *Po* that glides thro' poplar Shades,  
And *Tagus* bright in Sands of Gold,  
And *Arethusa*, Rivers old,

Their great Deliverer sing.  
 Not *Danube* thou, whose winding Flood,  
 So long has blush'd with *Turkish* Blood,  
 To *Cæsar* shall refuse a Strain,  
 Since now thy Streams, without a Stain,  
 Run Crystal as their Spring.

## C H O R U S.

To mighty *GEORGE*, that heals thy Wounds,  
 That names thy Kings and marks thy Bounds,  
 The joyful Voice, O *Europe*, raise :  
 In the great Mediator's Praise  
 Let all thy various Tongues combine,  
 And *Britain's* Festival be thine.

## ODE to the Thames, for the Year 1719.

## I.

**K**ING of the Floods, whom friendly Stars ordain  
 To fold alternate in thy winding Train,  
 The lofty Palace, and the fertile Vale ;  
 King of the Floods, *Britannia's* Darling, hail !  
 Hail with the Year so well begun,  
 And bid his each revolving Sun,  
 Taught by thy Streams, in smooth Succession run.

## II.

From thy never-failing Urn  
 Flowers bloom and fair increase  
 With the Seasons take their Turn ;  
 From thy tributary Seas  
 Tides of various Wealth attend thee ;  
 Seas and Seasons all befriend thee.

## III.

Here on thy Banks, to mate the Skies,  
*Augusta's* hallow'd Domes arise ;  
 And there thy ample Bosom pours  
 Her num'rous Souls and floating Tow'rs ;  
 Whose Terrors late to vanquish'd *Spain* were known,  
 And *Ætna* shook with Thunder not her own.

## IV.

Fullest Flags thou dost sustain,  
 While thy Banks confine thy Course ;  
 Emblem of our *Cæsar's* Reign,  
 Mingling Clemency and Force.

V. So

V.

So may'st thou still, secur'd by distant Wars,  
Ne'er stain thy Crystal with domestic Jars:  
As *Cæsar's* Reign, to *Britain* ever dear,  
Shall join with thee to bless the coming Year.

VI.

On thy shady Margin,  
Care its Load discharging,  
Is lull'd to gentle Rest:  
*Britain* thus disarming,  
Nor no more alarming,  
Shall sleep on *Cæsar's* Breast.

VII.

Sweet to Distress is balmy Sleep,  
To Sleep auspicious Dreams,  
Thy Meadows, *Thames*, to feeding Sheep,  
To Thirst, thy silver Streams:  
More sweet than all, the Praise  
Of *Cæsar's* golden Days;  
*Cæsar's* Praise is sweeter;  
*Britain's* Pleasure greater;  
Still may *Cæsar's* Reign excel;  
Sweet the Praise of reigning well.

C H O R U S.

Gentle *Janus* ever wait,  
As now on *Britain's* kindest Fate;  
Crown all our Vows, and all thy Gifts bestow;  
Till Time no more renews his Date,  
And *Thames* forgets to flow.

VERSES made to a Simile of Mr. Pope's.

WHEN at our House the Servants brawl,  
And raise an Uproar in the Hall;  
When *John* the Butler, and our *Mary*,  
About the Plate and Linen vary;  
Till the smart Dialogue grows rich,  
In sneaking Dog! and ugly Bitch!  
Down comes my Lady like the Devil,  
And makes 'em silent all and civil.  
Thus Cannon clears the cloudy Air,  
And scatters Tempests brewing there:  
Thus Bullies sometimes keep the Peace,  
And one Scold makes another cease.

Upon

*Upon Nicolini and Valentini's first coming to the  
House in the Hay-Market.*

## I.

**A** *Mphion* strikes the vocal Lyre,  
And ready at his Call,  
Harmonious *Brick* and *Stone* conspire  
To raise the *Theban* Wall.

## II.

In Emulation of his Praise,  
Two *Latian* Signors come,  
A sinking Theatre to raise,  
And prop *Van's* tott'ring Dome.

## III.

But how this last should come to pass,  
Must still remain unknown,  
Since these poor Gentlemen, alas!  
Bring neither *Brick* nor *Stone*.

*AN ESSAY on the Manner of living with  
Great Men. An Imitation of M. Bruyere.*

**D**istinction of Rank is highly necessary for the Oeconomy of the World, and was never called in Question but by *Barbarians* and *Enthusiasts*.

A just Consideration for the several Degrees of Men, as the Orders of Providence have placed them above us, is useful, not only to the correcting of our Manners, and keeping our common Conversation in the Bounds of Politeness and Civility, but has even a better Consequence in disposing the Mind to a religious Humility.

In observing Step by Step, the several Degrees of Excellency above us, we arrive insensibly, at last, to the Contemplation of the supreme Perfection.

It has been said that Inequality of Condition is a Bar to Friendship; but why are not the Links of a Chain continued as well Perpendicularly as Horizontally?

Most Men are, indeed, rather inclined to live in the Terms of Civility than Friendship; it is sufficient for their Interest to have no Enemies, and they find it for their Ease to have no Obligations without Doors, that is, out of themselves. There



There are some People, who naturally love to do Good, and contribute to the Happiness of their Fellow Creatures; but, *how Rare!*

If there cannot be what is called Friendship between a Great and a Private Man, there may be something almost equivalent to it, while there is Benificence on one Part, and Gratitude on the other.

Crito must be a miserable Man, who never was known to have a Friend, even among Men of his own Degree. He is Rich, he is Great, he has Wit; any of these three Qualities, would have got another Man either Friends or Followers. He *has not* good Nature.

Paulinus is Affable, just to his Word, Generous, Serviceable: He has no Enemies, but those that are so to Virtue, and to their Country; he has Friends amongst those of his own Rank, and Followers amongst his Inferiors, who take a Pleasure in his Protection. He *has* good Nature.

A great Man, who has a delicate Understanding, cannot find a sufficient Number for his Conversation amongst those of his own Quality.

Aristus is a great Genius for Politicks; and he finds among the Ministry, Heads capable of forming the greatest and wisest Designs. It is with them he concert what is for the Advantage of his Prince and Country. But he has a Taste for Music, Painting, and Sculpture; he is perfectly a Master of all the fine Parts of Learning. He chuses to spend whole Days with Lycidas, a Man not of his own Quality, but one to whom Nature and Industry have given what they could give.

Lycinus was born with great Advantage for Knowledge; he has improved those Advantages; he has a Wit admirably well turned; a sound and exact Judgment; he thinks, speaks and writes with the utmost Politeness; and with all these, he has so much Gentleness in his Nature, and Sweetness in his Manners, that one should love him, though it were possible he might be a Fool. In short, it is necessary to a great Man, who would be compleatly happy, to have such a Friend or Companion, call it which you will.

Going into the Company of great Men, is like going into the other World; you ought to stay till you are called.

What Impatience have some People to press into Conversations, where it is impossible they should be easy.

BUPALUS was never cut out for a Courtier; why will he always be making Parties to dine with great Lords? He might have lived well with any Sort of People, bating Lords. He has a pleasant Wit; he has Humour, and is very often agreeable in his Conversation, but then he is variable; he has loved and hated all his Acquaintance round. He is violent, a great Stranger to Patience, and a mortal Enemy to Contradiction. He would have made a notable Tyrant, and Flatterers would have a good Time of it in his Reign.

If I consider my own Interest, what have I to do with People, who take it to be their Privilege and Birth-right to insult me.

What Slavery is it to a ridiculous Vanity, to hunt after the Conversation of insolent Greatness! What Ease, what Peace, what Happiness does a Man forego, who might be used as he pleases among his Equals, and yet chuses to put himself upon the Rack, to make a Lord laugh!

Great Men expect the lesser People should have that Complaisance for them, as to be of their Opinion, or at least, that those, who depend upon them, should submit blindly to their Notions of Right and Wrong; this is a Privilege we do not allow the Priesthood themselves, and yet they derive their Authority from the Highest.

We allow there is a true Reason of State, and a true Religion to be followed; but neither all Priests, nor all States-men have right Notions of them. They would have the World of the same Opinion with the Man in *Horace*,

————— *Nam te*  
*Scire Deos quoniam proprius contingit, oportet.*

But we have an unlucky Proverb against them in *English*,

*The nearer the Church (or Court) the farther from  
God and (it may be) the Prince's Service.*

Common Decency and good Manners require a Deference to our Superiors, and if they have something in them insufferable, we may avoid coming where they are.

If

If one cannot bear the chattering of BABULUS, his insipid Gaiety, his perpetual ado with his Family, his History of their particular Honours, his Peevishness, his Intrigues, and his Raillery; there is one easy Remedy, shun him; the World is wide enough.

The Ambition of being intimate with our Betters, runs thro' most weak Understandings of all Ranks.

Go down in the Stage-Coach with the Parson's Wife, she tells you of all the *Sirs* and the *Ladies* in her Country; *How often she goes to see 'em, — That they are continually sending for her, — How they breed their Sons — and what they give their Daughters:* But my Lord Bishop's Lady does not live, if she is not once a Week at — And one odd Thing, which you, may be, will hardly believe, He never went to the Assizes without her.

So the *He* and *She* Citizen, with my Lord Mayor's Cousin, my Lord Mayor's Cousin's Cousin.

Beneficence seems to be so inseperable from true Greatness, that one might, not unaptly, define it, a large Power of doing Good; and if the Will is not inclined to the Exercise of that Power, it had as good not be, as not to be put to its proper Use.

Why should any one be called a great Man, who is rarely serviceable to others, who seldom does good to the Worthy? But the World imposes upon him and themselves too; they call him a great Man, and he is not so.

Necessity makes some People bow; and Fear makes most People stand at a Distance, and say nothing.

The Excesses and Vices of great Men, set fatal and ruinous Examples to their Inferiors; and one might wish, upon this Occasion, that their Acquaintance and Conversations were confined to one another.

CLEON is noble, has a vast Estate, and great Employments; he builds, buys Pictures, fine Furniture; he plays deep, keeps Horses, and lives magnificently; he leaves a plentiful Fortune, and an easy Family behind him.

DORILAS is a private Man, of a free and independent Condition; he lives like CLEON, he mortgages his Estate, he becomes a Slave, he depends upon others, he is undone, his Posterity curse him.

Great Men have many Things, which attract first our Admiration, and then our Affections; and some People live safely and pleasantly with them; but those who never converse with them, are exempt from the Power of many Passions, and are free from the Pain of many Afflictions.

All Human Greatness had a Beginning, it has sometimes been founded upon Honesty; if I am charmed with it, why should I not rather attempt to be one of those Great Ones, whose Condition I so much admire, than be contented with a second Place, a Dependence upon them?

There is a *Virtuous* as well as a *Vicious*, Desire of Greatness.

P O E M S, &c.

*To the Memory of* NICHOLAS ROWE, *Esq;*

*By* Mr. Beckingham.

**I**S then the Summons true! does partial Fate  
Retract so early, what it gave so late?  
Must the Grave chuse?—Must ROWE the Tribute pay,  
And Merit moulder with the common Clay?  
Is the grim Tyrant then so jealous grown;  
Strikes he at human Fame to build his own?  
Has not th' insulting Monarch Wreaths enow,  
But must the Robber strip the Poet's Brow?  
Let Nature in her hoary Years decay,  
And mellow Age drop heavily away.  
Let the dull, earth-born Populace complain,  
And swell the Triumphs of his gloomy Reign:  
Slaves born for nothing, or themselves alone,  
Die unlamented as they liv'd unknown;  
Let these, proud Victor, tremble at thy Nod,  
But spare the Poet for the Public Good.

Does sacred Heat Prophetic Breasts inspire?  
Burns not the Poet's with an equal Fire?  
From Heav'n a joint Commission can he claim;  
His Soul as large, as sacred is his Name;

Both



Both universal Benefits design'd,  
 Both sent to govern, and to save Mankind;  
 To unveil myſterious Truths to human Sight,  
 And ſet the falſe bewilder'd Judgment right,  
 Inſtructed great Ideas to impart,  
 To warm the Boſom, and enrich the Heart.  
 Are we not grateful when the Lamp of Day  
 Shoots forth a genial Heat and vernal Ray,  
 To bleſs the honeſt Ruſtic's Wint'ry Toil,  
 And bid the careful anxious Floriſt ſmile?  
 Or in ſome Clime, where nearer Beams abound,  
 And Heats immoderate ſcorch the cleaving Ground,  
 When ſome fierce Channel from the ſeven-mouth'd Nile  
 Pours forth its Plenty on the Sun-burnt Soil;  
 Cements with lavish Streams the gaping Earth,  
 And gives the hidden Treasures timely Birth;  
 Do Gifts, like theſe, our Gratitude command?  
 What Debtors are we to the Poet's Hand?  
 Whoſe nobler Streams in larger Currents rowl;  
 Thoſe but inform the Ground, and theſe the Soul.  
 Here Laurell'd Shade; thy own great Image ſee;  
 To draw the Poet is to Picture Thee:  
 Th' extenſive Thought, the Energy divine,  
 The Flame, the Genius, and the Soul was Thine;  
 Each various Note declares thy Maſter-Skill,  
 How form'd to write, how worthy to excel.  
 To Virtue ſteady, to thy Country true,  
 We read the Poet and the Patriot too.  
 Does Liberty Demand thy loftier Strain?  
 We gaze with Wonder on thy *Tamerlane*;  
 Thro' every Scene purſue the Godlike Cauſe,  
 And give the favourite Hero full Applauſe.  
 When the ſhrill Trumpet ſummons him away,  
 The warm'd Spectator ſhares the bloody Fray;  
 In anxious wiſhes feels a Soldier's Pride,  
 Liſts in the War, and combats on his Side.  
 How does he charm, when bounteous to Diſtreſs,  
 Sedate in Fight, and humble in Succeſs?  
 A Victor, yet without a Victor's Mind,  
 He conquers not t' enſlave, but free Mankind,  
 To diſtant Times marks out th' unerring Way,  
 Learns Kings to rule, and Subjects to obey:

Strikes

Strikes every Bosom with a sacred Awe,  
 And shews the happy Age a true NASSAU.  
 Or if some lowly Theme the Poet claim,  
 Some banish'd Lover, or neglected Dame,  
 Love's thousand Passions all his Skill employ,  
 The quick alternate Tides of Grief and Joy:  
 How well he paints the sad Extremes of Fate!  
 How well describes th' unhappy—happy State?  
 Each conscious Sinner does his Guilt confess,  
 And awful Silence speaks the Bard's Success;  
 So well th' expressive Miseries are shown,  
 Some tender Breast still makes the Woe its own:  
 The Virgin's Cheek the moving Scene approves,  
 And artless Sighs betray how well she loves.  
 The scornful Nymph condemns her long Disdain,  
 And to her Arms invites her injur'd Swain.

When some \* *fair Wanton* mourns her past Desires,  
 Love's foul Embraces, and unlawful Fires;  
 So soft she pleads, the pitying Audience melt,  
 And clear the Sinner, tho' they damn the Guilt.  
 The † *Libertine in Love* exults a-while  
 On violated Charms and ravish'd Spoil,  
 But soon his Triumphs find a timely Date;  
 The Villain's Crimes receive the Villain's Fate.  
 But why on single Beauties do I dwell,  
 When ev'ry finish'd Scene is wrote so well?  
 When thy vast Works are in themselves repaid,  
 And modest Nature owns thy happier Aid.  
 But now the Skill is lost, the Music o'er,  
 And he who charm'd us once, can charm no more.  
 Envy at last repents her canker'd Hate,  
 And feels her Error in her loss too late.  
 To native Dust now wastes the mortal Frame,  
 And nought survives the Poet, but his Fame.  
 Brave then in That; or Time, or Envy's Rage,  
 And be a LUCAN to a distant Age.  
 Yes, sacred Shade, thy Writings shall be read,  
 'Till even Arts are with their Founders dead:  
 Whilst Friendship burns within a faithful Breast  
 Thy Name be cherish'd, and thy Worth confess.

Oblivion

\* Jane Shore.

† Lothario in the Fair Penitent.

Oblivion is the common Mortal's Doom: [Tomb.  
But thou shalt Live when Dead; and Flourish in the

*On the Death of Mr. ROWE. By Mr. Amhurst.*

**F**arewel, the Genius of the *British* Stage;  
Farewel, the Patriot of a madding Age;  
O ROWE! unhappy deathless Bard, farewell,  
Whose Worth applauding Theatres shall tell;  
Oft as thy Heroes on the Stage appear,  
Each Eye to Thee shall drop a grateful Tear:  
Shouts to thy Name each grateful Voice shall raise,  
And clapping Crouds in Thunder speak thy Praise.

Too cruel Death! that would no longer spare  
This great Recorder of the Brave and Fair;  
That in one dreadful Instant snatch'd from hence  
The best good Nature, and the finest Sense:  
Too cruel Death! that could refuse to save  
Him that has rescu'd Thousands from the Grave;  
Him that to latest Worlds conveys the Fame  
Of *TAMERLANE* and great *ULYSSES'* Name;  
At whose command departed Saints revive,  
And in his moving Scenes for ever live,  
Past Times return, and from the mould'ring Tomb  
Rise up the mighty Chiefs of *Greece* and *Rome*:  
Their antient Legions rally on the Plain,  
And act their former Triumphs o'er again.  
Touch'd with his powerful Magic, we deplore  
The Beauteous *Penitent*, and Guilty *SHORE*.  
*GRAY*, to appease the Wrath of human Laws,  
Bleeds, a Fair Martyr, in her *SAVIOUR'S* Cause;  
Undaunted bleeds, and by his matchless Art,  
The fatal Blow wounds ev'ry *British* Heart.  
We mourn with beating Breasts the greedy Stroke,  
And yield reluctant to the *Romish* Yoke:  
Of Idols now succeeds a motly Band,  
And *Popery* pours in upon the Land;  
Rage, Superstition, Massacre and Blood,  
Come arm'd from Hell against the publick Good:  
Zeal sets on Fire the Holy *Smithfield* Pile,  
And *Priestcraft* rages thro' the trembling Isle.

Well has our loyal Poet set to View  
This direful Scene, this wonder-working Crew, A

A bloody Tribe of persecuting Elves,  
 That weekly damn all Christians but themselves:  
 His gen'rous Soul disdain'd that vain Pretence,  
 So shocking to the Gospel, and to Sense;  
 And in his Scenes the graceful Marks appear  
 Of Christian Freedom, and of Christian Fear.

Firm to that noble Cause which fir'd his Mind,  
 He never to a *Popish* Scheme inclin'd;  
 Nor sought the Favours of a *Tyburn* Croud,  
 Whose perjur'd Hearts to foreign Gods have bow'd;  
 He judg'd it always an inglorious Thing  
 To court their Praises who defam'd their KING;  
 Enough for him that *CONGREVE* was his Friend,  
 That *GARTH* and *STEELE*, and *ADDISON* commend;  
 That *BRUNSWICK* with the Bays his Temples bound,  
 And *PARKER* with immortal Honours crown'd.

Great *LUCAN* now, by his unwearied Pains,  
 Breathes *Roman* Liberty in *English* Strains;  
 Dying, this wealthy Pledge He left behind,  
 The truest Pattern of his free-born Mind:  
 Four Times four Ages this heroic Song  
 Has lain, unlabour'd from its native Tongue,  
 Which now translated with its genuine Fire,  
 Shall noble Thoughts of Liberty inspire;  
 Convince the Bigot of the weighty Truth,  
 And free from passive Chains the *British* Youth:  
 Too long the useful Work has been delay'd,  
 But well that seeming Ill is now repaid:  
 Heav'n but deferr'd to make it more compleat,  
 Not ev'ry Bard the glorious Theme could treat,  
 Not ev'ry Bard, that in mechanic Verse  
 Can a dull Love-tale fluently rehearse,  
 And can in lifeless, jingling Lines complain  
 Of the false Nymph, or the forsaken Swain:  
 Vigour of Stile, and Fancy must combine,  
 With Majesty of Rage, and Power divine,  
 To make the *English* like the *Roman* shine.  
 Such must he be, as *LUCAN* was of old,  
 His Figures strong, and his Expressions bold,  
 With the same constant Love of Freedom charm'd,  
 With the same Passion for his Country warm'd,  
 Whose Veins with one unvary'd Tenour flow,  
 Zealous and active, like immortal *ROWE*.



At length, ye Sons of Servitude, awake,  
And from your Necks the selfish Burthen shake;  
Nor blindly, nor disdainfully refuse  
This last great Labour of the laurell'd Muse;  
Pay the just Honours to his sacred Head,  
Nor, whom you envy'd living, envy dead:  
Against the Dead all Violences cease, [Peace;  
Great CHAUCER now, and SHAKESPEARE rest in  
DRYDEN no more the impious World upbraids,  
And MILTON slumbers in the silent Shades.

Thou too, thrice honour'd, in that antient Dome,  
Where soon or late our *British* Laureats come;  
Where the fam'd Poets of three Ages lie,  
And to their Tombs invite the curious Eye,  
Where great NEWCASTLE, still to Wit a Friend,  
To DRYDEN bids the stately Pile ascend,  
(Immortal, glorious Deed! which After-times  
Shall celebrate in their exalted Rhimes,)  
Amongst thy Kindred Bards thy Bones shalt trust,  
And mix in Quiet with poetic Dust;  
There no feign'd Dangers shall alarm thy Breast,  
No factious Murmurs interrupt thy Rest;  
Banish'd shall be all Noise of worldly Things,  
Of warring Armies, and contending Kings;  
The groundless Clamours of th' ambitious Gown,  
And ALBERON's Crimes shall be unknown,  
Pain, Loss, and Sorrow shall be far away,  
Clasp'd in th' Embraces of thy native Clay;  
'Till the last welcome Trump shall bid Thee Rise,  
Then cloath'd with Glory Thou'lt ascend the Skies.

---

A PASTORAL to the honoured Memory of Mr.  
ROWE. By Mrs. Centlivre.

*Daphnis.*] SEE! *Thyrsis*, see! beneath yon spreading  
Thorn,

Whose blushing *Berries* ev'ry Bow adorn,  
The good *Menalcas* sits, his Head reclin'd,  
His Crook thrown by, nor seems his Flock to mind;  
Down from his Eyes the briny Torrents rowl,  
And mighty Grief seems lab'ring in his Soul:  
The Posture speaks a matchless Weight of Woe;  
Haste, *Thyrsis*! haste, the sudden Cause to know.

*Thyrsis.*]

*Thyrsis.*] From whence *Menalcas*, do these Ills arise,  
Which rack thy Breast, and overflow thy Eyes?  
Has from thy *Ewe* some tender *Lamb* been wrung?  
Or has thy Fav'rite *Heifer* cast her Young?  
Broke are thy Folds by some vile Midnight Thief,  
Or is *Clarissa* Cause of all this Grief?  
Does she in Secret bless some other Swain?  
Why, let her go, — her broken Faith disdain.

*Menalcas.*] No, *Thyrsis*, no; a Subject greater far,  
Than Flocks, or Herds, or fickle Women are,  
Claims all these Tears, these fruitless Tears I shed,  
*Colin!* the soft, harmonious *Colin's* dead.

*Daphnis.*] Is *Colin* dead! If that sad Tale be true,  
Then have we Cause to mourn as much as you.

*Colin!* the Pride and Darling of the Plain,  
Admir'd by ev'ry Nymph, carefs'd by ev'ry Swain.  
Whene'er he tun'd his Pipe beneath the Shade,  
The nodding Boughs beat Time while *Colin* play'd.  
The feather'd Choir about the Shepherd throng,  
And prowling Wolves stood list'ning to his Song:  
The browsing *Goats* from rocky Cliffs descend,  
Charm'd with his Voice, the Savage Brutes attend.

*Thyrsis.*] O, mighty *PAN!* Who now shall chaunt thy  
And who record thy Fame in tuneful Lays? [Praise?  
Where is that *He*, of all the *Sylvan* Swains,  
Can equal *Colin's* soft, harmonious Strains?  
If the dear Subject of his Song was *Love*,  
Sweet as the *Hybla Drops* his Verses prove:  
If glorious *Liberty* the Youth asserts,  
How did he warm our Souls, and fire our Hearts?

*Menalcas.*] Now ev'ry Maxim which the Shepherd  
Occurs afresh, and dwells in ev'ry Thought. [taught,  
Our Flocks, said he, and feather'd Kind produce  
Their different Offspring for their Owner's Use:  
For us, the Wood, the Pasture, and the Field,  
Their several Grains, and various Flowers yield:  
Not *PAN* himself can our own Rights oppose,  
Or crop, without our Leave, one single *Rose*:  
A mutual Duty still on each depends,  
We honour *PAN*, and *PAN* our Flock defends.  
Thus *Colin* taught us slavish Yokes to hate,  
And prize the Freedom of our *Rural State*.

*Daphnis.*]

*Daphnis.*] See! where the Nymphs and Swains in  
Crouds appear,

*Yew* in their Hands, their Brows sad *Cypress* wear ;  
In solemn State, see Two by Two they tread,  
And look with downcast Eyes, and bended Head,  
As if not *Colin*, but Themselves were dead. }

*Thyrsis.*] Hark, how the Winds in hollow Accents  
And humid Pearls distil from ev'ry Stone ; [groan!  
The cooing *Turtles* their lov'd *Elms* decline,  
And *Goats* forsake their Fav'rite flow'ry *Thyme* :  
The *Lambs* complaining bleat, the *Heifers* low,  
The *Ox* and *Weather* cease their Cud to chew :  
The vocal Grove laments young *Colin* dead,  
For him the *Laurel* droops, and hangs its verdant Head.

*Amaryllis.*] Help me, *Menalcas*, help me to complain,  
To tell to Earth, to Air, and Seas, my Pain.  
*Colin* ! the dear lov'd *Colin* ! is no more,  
Come, all ye Nymphs, and *Colin*'s Loss deplore :  
For whom shall we our flow'ry Chaplets weave ?  
Or who so well deserves the Laurel Wreath ?  
Who now can point thro' all these Groves a Man,  
To celebrate the Birth of mighty *PAN* ?  
Like *Colin*, who can *Flora*'s Sweets display ?  
Or paint the gaudy Treasures of her *May* ?  
Or who like him, can tune the oaten Reed ?  
Or tread with such a Grace the enamel'd Mead ?  
Mourn all ye Nymphs, your Tears incessant shed,  
Your Tribute's all too poor for him that's dead.

*Thyrsis.*] Wou'd but relentless Fate our Wishes aid,  
And give to Substance back his airy Shade,  
As *Pluto* once *Eurydice* of Old,  
A Tale, I well remember, *Colin* told,  
To purchase that, my Tears like thine shou'd flow,  
But this is fruitless Grief, and pageant Woe.  
Hark, *Amaryllis*, hark ! Thy bleating *Lambs*  
Amongst the Brakes have lost their udder'd Dams :  
Haste to retrieve them, e'er too far they stray,  
And fall to hungry Wolves an easy Prey.

*Amaryllis.*] Why, let 'em stray, my Crook no more  
I'll hold,  
My Herds no more — no more my Flocks I'll fold,  
No more will I with *Daisy*, *Pink*, and *Rose*,  
A Garland for the Queen of *May* compose, Since

66 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Since *Colin's* gone, by whom 'twas still confest,  
That I, of all the Nymphs, deserv'd it best.  
The Winds shall useleſs prove to Fleets at Sea;  
And Flow'rs ſupply no Honey to the Bee,  
When, *Colin*, I forget to mourn for *Thee*.

*Menalcas.*] If *Amaryllis*, charm'd by *Colin's* Verſe,  
Can ſhed ſuch Floods of Tears upon his Hearſe,  
Who then can gueſs the Pain, the anxious Throws;  
Which the dear Partner of his Pleaſure knows?  
What Agonies of Woes rend *Daphne's* Breſt?  
She, whom he lov'd, — and ſhe who lov'd him beſt!  
Methinks I hear her to her Babe complain,  
The only Relict of her darling Swain:  
The Child ſhe tells his ev'ry Art and Grace,  
And with her Tears bedews the Infant's Face;  
Whiſt the poor Babe, unknowing of her Cares,  
Cooes in her Face, and ſmiles at all her Tears.

*An ODE, ſacred to the Memory of N. ROWE, Eſq;*

*By the Reverend Mr. Newcomb.*

WHILE o'er thy Hearſe, with ſad Surprize,  
And ſolemn Grief, the *Muſes* mourn;  
Permit a *Stranger's* flowing Eyes

To ſhed their Sorrows round thy Urn.

Juſt in the Bloom of all thy Fame,

Then to aſſert thy native Sky;

Absolves impartial Heaven from Blame,

And ſeems, as 'twas thy Choice, to die.

Thus the great *CÆSAR* ceas'd to live,

Thro' vanquiſh'd Worlds his Eagles bore;

Thus clos'd his Fame, when Fate cou'd give,

And his bright Sword command no more.

With Smiles he views the glitt'ring Blade,

In that great Moment fond to die;

When *Rome* beheld her Hero's Shade,

But mount the fairer up the Sky.

What penſive Muſe, now *THOU* art fled,

Shall o'er \* *Pharſalia's* Warriors mourn,

Whoſe Voice lament the pious Dead,

And kindly weep o'er *POMPEY's* Urn?

Whoſe

\* *The excellent Tranſlation of Lucan by Mr. Rowe.*



Whose soft relenting Verse shall swell  
 Each *Roman* Heart with conscious Woe;  
 Her Genius fled, *Rome's* Sorrow tell,  
 And *CÆSAR* dying o'er his Foe?  
 Round his great Rival's awful Head  
 He views a Glory still survive;  
 Sighing \* *that* Fame and Virtue dead,  
 He cou'd not own, or scorn'd alive;  
 Nor mingling with the God-like Host,  
 Who at *Philippi* greatly fell;  
 Each *Roman* thanks thy pious Ghost,  
 That sung his Arms, and Fate so well.  
 The Fields of Death once more to stain,  
 What future *Hero* will refuse?  
 Or dying, dread *One* Moment's Pain,  
 To live for ever in thy Muse?  
 But far, O! far before the rest,  
 Great *CATO* does his Arm extend;  
 And in his Smiles his Love confest,  
 Adores thy Shade, and calls *THEE* Friend.  
 Well pleas'd, with ev'ry Grace adorn'd,  
 So like his Own, a Mind to see!  
 And the great Homage which He scorn'd  
 To *CÆSAR's* Sword, He pays to *THEE*.  
 New Transport does his Breast dilate,  
 Within his Soul new Passions rise;  
 To view *Rome's* Wounds, and *POMPEY's* Fate,  
 So kindly wept by *ENGLISH* Eyes.  
 While taught by *This*, *Britannia's* Isle,  
 His Hero's Fall, relenting views;  
 He seems beneath his Wounds to smile,  
 And *CÆSAR's* self at last subdues.  
*Africk's* rich Desarts in thy Strains,  
 Ennoble with the *Patriot's* Doom;  
 Excel the flow'ry *Latian* Plains,  
 And *LYBIA* triumphs over *ROME*.  
 Whose grateful Sons to moan the Brave,  
 Despairing in thy Muse are seen;  
 Hiding each faithful Warrior's Grave  
 With friendly Tears, and blooming Green. In  
 \* *Cæsar is reported by the Poet to have wept, when  
 Pompey's Head was brought to him in Egypt.*

In Words like thine, had they a Choice,  
 Once more above their Fate to try,  
*Thus*, with their last expiring Voice,  
 Wou'd each lament his *Rome*, and die.

Surprize or Joy alike to yield,  
 Thy various, artful Muse was made ;  
 To dress the Warrior for the Field,  
 Or paint the Lover in his Shade.

Now in the eager Chace of Fame,  
 With some brave Chief you upward fly ;  
 Now sink, and teach some *Virgin* Name  
 In softer Numbers how to die !

Those Forms, which to our wond'ring Mind,  
 Thy Fancy paints, new Glories wear :  
 While Love and Friendship seem *more* kind,  
 And Beauty's self appears *more* fair.

Such Force, fair Virtue does impart,  
 By Thee presented to our View ;  
 It moves and melts each stubborn Heart,  
 Her Brightness cannot quite subdue.

While dress'd in Angels purest Light,  
 Her smiling Image does appear  
 Pleasing, as Beauty to the Sight,  
 Or Music to the ravish'd Ear ;

Wou'd she once more her Skies forsake,  
 What other Features cou'd she chuse ?  
 What fairer Form the Goddess take  
 To bless Mankind, than from thy Muse ?

Transported then with fond Surprize,  
 The lovely Guest we shou'd adore ;  
 And wonder how our partial Eyes  
 Refus'd to own such Grace before !

'Till viewing those deceiving Charms,  
 Each Breast subdue, we all agree,  
 That Power, which thus our Souls disarms,  
 Was not her own, but lent by Thee.

Greatness no more, with all her Train,  
 The virtuous Mind shall now beguile ;  
 By *Thee* instructed to disdain,  
 When *Glory* calls, the *Syrens* smile.

No more \* Renown and specious Fame,  
 Shall strive Ambition's Rage to hide,  
 Nor Honour be a treach'rous Name,  
 To shade the Tyrant's guilty Pride.  
 The brave and generous Breast to awe,  
 The honest, upright Heart to gain;  
 The Coward's Hand his Sword shall draw,  
 The Courtier's Smiles be try'd in vain.  
 Against that Dread thy Scenes unfold,  
 To arm our Breasts in vain we try;  
 Soon as the tragic Tale is told,  
*We Melt, We Languish, and We Die.*  
 The Soul awhile her Ground maintains,  
 Each Death resolving to deride;  
 But when the Captive tells her Pains,  
 That Softness owns, she strove to hide.  
 To view her Rage direct the Dart,  
 Wakes in our Breast a kind Surprise;  
 Speaking the Frailty of our Heart,  
 By the soft Streams that fill our Eyes.  
 Eager our Souls to bring Relief,  
 Swift from their op'ning Bosom flow,  
 To sooth the mourning Parents Grief,  
 Or guard the Infant from the Blow.  
 So lively has each Nymph complain'd,  
 When Fate thy Muse despairing drew;  
 That tho' we know her Sorrows feign'd,  
 Yet still we weep and think 'em true.  
 Awhile we argue to persuade  
 Our melting Eyes to hide their Woe,  
 Till to their View the lovely Maid,  
 Reveals her Wounds, and bids 'em flow.  
 Thy artful Voice, with equal Ease,  
 Each different Passion can employ;  
 Now give us Pain, but to increase,  
 And from our Grief improve our Joy.  
 Who in your soft deceiving Strains  
 With *those* kind Conquerors agree;  
 Who threaten first the dreadful Chains,  
 Then set the trembling Captive free. What  
 \* See *Monf. Bruyere's Characters or Manners of the*  
*Age, published from the French by Mr. Rowe.*

What Raptures does thy Verse infuse,  
When Beauty does the Theme inspire?  
What Heat transports thy soaring Muse,  
If Scenes of War thy Bosom fire!

While for bright Fame, or gay Delight,  
Each *Hero* you alike prepare,  
Lead the fierce Warrior to the Fight,  
Or the young Lover to the Fair.

Nature, astonish'd at thy Art,  
Casts on thy Muse a jealous Eye;  
Her Joys unable to impart,  
Or longer please when thou art by.

The Artist thus, his Skill to grace,  
Some beauteous breathing Form design'd,  
Forsakes the Virgin's Cheek, to trace  
Features more bright in his own Mind.

Each glowing Charm the Canvass fires,  
Does with Delight the Nymph surprize,  
Who owes that Beauty she admires,  
More to his Pencil than her Eyes.

What, tho' our Laurels fairer rise,  
And from thy Ashes date their Bloom,  
We pay too dearly for the Prize,  
Thus sadly purchased by thy Doom.

Pity, ye Gods, that doubtful Dart  
Which your mysterious Anger threw,  
Shou'd give at once both Joy and Smart,  
Augment our Fame and Sorrow too.

Just so the Skies, severely bright,  
Their vengeful Lightnings oft employ,  
And gild that Oak with fairer Light,  
They mean next Moment to destroy.

How mournful is the only Choice,  
Your Heavens afford our Breast to ease?  
Or to lament thy dying Voice,  
Or never hope our own should please.

Thus to the Heirs of bright Renown,  
The Purple you awhile deny,  
Who, ere they boast the regal Crown,  
Must view their King and Parent die.



Strange, that the Glories which we claim  
From thy sad Fate, no Pleasures give,  
The fair Increase of all our Fame,  
The only Cause for which we grieve.

See SHAKESPEARE's awful ~~rev'rend~~ Shade  
Rising, his Fav'rite to adore!  
And binds thy Brows with Laurel, made  
By Fame, to shade his own before.\*

To thy Indulgence pleas'd to owe  
The Terrors that his Muse imparts,  
To swell our Eye, the Scenes of Woe,  
The moving Dread to shake our Hearts.

The diff'rent Fates of all that reign  
Distinguish'd in whose Muse appear,  
What the good Man may hope to gain,  
And what the daring Tyrant fear.

Whose tragic Voice shall next presume  
To fill our Breasts with sad Despair?  
Or trembling for the *Lower's-Doom*,  
Or anxious for the *Dying-Fair*?

To Tears, whose Sighs her Wrongs confess,  
Our Eyes with soft Compassion flow;  
Teaching thy *Virgin's* feign'd Distress,  
To give our Bosom real Woe.

In vain we ask our Reason's Aid,  
To stop our Tears, or ease our Pain;  
To view thy *Fair Repenting Maid*.†  
Each Cheek must swell, each Heart complain.

O! sooth her Anguish! calm her Grief!  
O! quickly to her Refuge fly!  
O! bring the *Fainting Fair* Relief,  
Or with *her* give us Leave to Die!

Such moving Scenes thy Muse unfolds,  
Constrain'd its Anguish to declare;  
A savage Heart each Bosom holds,  
That can attend and not despair.

What Wonders does thy Verse contain,  
What Magic thro' thy Numbers flows?  
Pleas'd with our Grief, we then complain,  
Then only when we want our Woes.

\* To Mr. Rowe the Public are obliged for the Life of Shakespeare, which he took great Pains to collect.

† Alluding to the *Fair Penitent*, A Tragedy: By Mr. Rowe.

No

No Eye those Sorrows does refuse,  
 Thy pensive Maids Expiring give;  
 Scarce more delighted, when thy Muse  
 Suspends their Fate, and bids 'em live.  
 Strange that our Cheeks should grieve the more,  
 When you the falling Tear restrain;  
 And to forbid us to deplore,  
 Shou'd only give us greater Pain.  
 Thus trembling for her Lover's Fate,  
 A while the Virgin's Sorrows flow;  
 Owing, to hear his Sighs abate  
 Her Joy, more painful than her Woe.  
 O, may each Muse with Sorrows meet!  
 Soft as thy own, thy Worth declare;  
 Since nothing but a Voice so sweet,  
 Can ever sing a Fame so Fair.  
 A second Life to thy Great Dead,  
 Thy kind inspiring Numbers gave;  
 Had we that Power, the Tears We shed  
 Had fell to wet some other Grave.  
 Thine, like each Fabled Hero's Age,  
 Thyself with Virtue didst Inspire;  
 And acting well on Life's frail Stage,  
 Dost with the same Applause retire.

EPITAPH on Mr. Rowe, for a Tomb, intended to be erected by his Wife in Westminster-abbey, by Mr. Pope.

THY Relicks, Rowe, to this fair Shrine we trust,  
 And Sacred, place by Dryden's awful Dust: \*  
 Beneath a rude and nameless Stone He lies,  
 To which thy Tomb shall guide enquiring Eyes.  
 Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endless rest!  
 Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love, too, blest!  
 One grateful Woman to thy Fame supply'd  
 What a whole thankless Land to his deny'd.

\* The underwritten Distich of Mr. POPE's was what originally was intended for Mr. DRYDEN's Monument, viz.

This SHEFFIELD rais'd. The Sacred Dust below  
 Was DRYDEN once: The rest who does not know?

Under which a merry Wag wrote this.

Who does not know that Sheffield went on Trust,  
 To raise this noble Tomb to Dryden's Dust?

F I N I S.



